THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, No. 41 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 39.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAYDEN; OR, THE YOUNG MARRIED LADY," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NIGHT EXCURSION.

The six-oared barge, to the adventures of which we now return, after the rescue of the amiable Earl of Cuyphorne, pulled steadily on down the river, scarcely without stopping; for the body of the nobleman was dragged in while the boat was under sweep for full headway.

"Who have we here?" said Lord Neagle, as he held the almost lifeless form upon the thwarts of the boat.

"I don't know; but a passenger I did not bargain with Hinchcliff for," said the skipper, Captain Fay, with an oath and a laugh. "That line light sent up to show where he was has got to be frayed as to the police barges; for since there corn been a boat like ours, passing down at midnight, would be a subject of remark, especially when the stoters have thrunkened London."

"There is little fear of being challenged on the river, with so many boats passing at all hours," said Lord Neagle.

"Well—in Spain or on the Seine at Paris, every barge, at night, has to give a password," said the one-armed captain, storing past the bow of an anchored ship.

"We are free here in England," answered the nobleman. "Our only fear is at the Tower stairs. Hinchcliff, you have a dark lantern. Let us look at this drowned man's face, who seems to be rousing himself, for we talk too freely before a stranger, till we know what colore he hange out."

"Yes—if he is likely to hear and 'pouch, we'll have to put him back again into Davy's locker—give him to the fishes for food."

Hinchcliff carefully opened a little vayn the side of the lantern, so as not to attract observation to the boat from the river police, and held it close to the face of the Earl, who had raised himself on his elbow, and was looking wildly about him.

"Where am I?" he cried, in a choking tone, and glaring upon the supernatural-looking forms that gazed upon him, lighted with a crimson glare shed by the rays of the lantern, which, like all the Tower lanterns, had been provided with red glass set in the front of it. "Is this the abode of the damned? Is this the Styx? and are they, blood-red visaged monster, Charon? Then the mythology of the ancients is all true at last!"

"What is that he says?" asked the one-armed skipper.

"He thinks he is in Pluto's hell—that he is dead and in the infernal regions," answered Lord Neagle, whose classical readings were not to be disputed.

"And that we are devils, I dare say," said Hinchcliff, laughing.

"Without doubt. But I know the voice. Hold closer your lamp. It is—"

"Who?" cried several voices.

But Lord Neagle had checked himself upon recognizing the pale, haggard face as that of Lord Cuyphorne, Lady Isabel's father, and thought it best not to speak his name. To mention it would do no good—to conceal it might be of use to him to say of his future schemes: not to be had any definite idea why he ought to conceal it. But there are some men who never imagine they cause sorrow, from a pin or an old nail, to a sheet of new cloth, not knowing, as they say, what use they may possibly make of it; so Lord Neagle, to whom life was like a game of cards in the hands of a skillful player, was an accomplished circumstance. In every event he believed might be concealed some advantage for future use. He, therefore, did not fully exhaust the present, but kept some of the number by, which, possibly, it might be of use. So in the present case, he thought to himself, it is time enough to make the rank and name of Lord Cuyphorne, suddenly, to be known. It will be time enough, when it is needful, to declare it. The secret is not mine, and I love to keep secrets, when I am their sole possessor. He therefore replied, changing the subject:

"It is a man who has evidently got tired of life, and tried to drown himself."

"That is clear enough," answered the skipper, roughly, "unless he fell off."

"Possibly he might have done so. But I saw him leap clear out into the dark sky, and come down feet foremost, and strike the water erect," said George, the young sailor.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the captain, gruffly. "He's one too many."

"I will speak to him, as he seems to have his wits again," said Lord Neagle.

And stooping down to the ear of the earl, who had sneezed by this time to restore his nerves, and set steadily, with his head drooping upon his breast, he whispered—

"My lord?"

"What! Who are you who have spared my wretched existence? Do you know me?"

"Yes, as Earl Cuyphorne."

"And you? Who are you?"

And the earl raised his face, and gazed earnestly, to inspect the features of the young noble, but he kept them concealed by the flap of his cloak.

"Your friend, my lord. I rejoice it was my good fortune to rescue you from the water. It was a perilous fall."

"Fall! You—you!" said the earl, as if re-considering, "it was a perilous fall. Thanks to you, sir. I am grateful to you—I did wrong—it was a moment of madness! Poor—poor Isabel!"

"My lord, I will, keep your secret."

"What secret?"

"Your attempt to destroy your life," answered Lord Neagle, recalling to his aid cool boldly.

"Thank you—thank you, young man, whoever you are! You are right. I did try to end my days—but—I repent of the attempt. It would have killed my beloved child! Now, she will be happily spared this great grief. Yes—yes—"

Here he covered his face with his hands, as the idea of mooting Isabel, a ruined man in fortune, flashed upon him.

"You can recover as you lost, my lord?"

"How know you? Lost—how?"

"Plainly, my lord, you have lost all to-night in play. Sir Paul Varney has been more fortunate than your lordship."

The earl grasped the speaker hardly by the arm: "Who, in the name of Heaven, are you?"

The disguised lad of the French school—the large whiskers, which he had replaced on getting into the boat, and the rough jacket, completely defeated the earl's scrutiny. All the answer he received was, in a tone of caution—

"Be quiet, my lord. None know your rank here but me. If you would be safe, be silent, and in a proper time I will find opportunity to speak further with you."

"We are nearing the Tower," said the skipper. "What shall we do with the man?"

"He will join us," answered Lord Neagle, leaning over, and speaking to Fay in an under tone.

"Who is he?"

"My friend."

"We are safe, then, with him?"

"Yes."

"But he will want his share?"

"He shall divide with me."

"As you choose, my lord. But I think we have enough men."

"This one, for certain reasons, I wish to go with us."

"Pooch?"

"No."

"Your lordship's neck is as precious to you as mine is to me."

Thus speaking, the skipper gave orders to George, his comrade, to steer between two large ships at anchor, their dark hulls looming up gloomily in the night, like shapeless clouds. The fog had lifted, and here and there a star shone out and was reflected from the black surface of the Thames. On shore, the first solace that indicate the early movements of market-folk were heard, and suddenly over the water came the tolling of the bell of St. Catharine's tower.

"It is three o'clock. It will, in an hour, be dawn," said Lord Neagle.

"We shall have little time," said Hinchcliff.

"Give way, my men!" called out Captain Fay. "There rise the dark tower walls. Oh, for a friendly fall of the fog upon the river, to conceal us, now we know where we are!"

"You will have your wish, Fay," said Hinchcliff. "There comes a heavy mist, driving in from the river below."

"And a strong wind before it, too. Pull away, my men. Steady, as you are, George."

The boat now moved swiftly, under the force of the impelling oars, in the direction of the Tower stairs. By the time it came within three hundred yards, the deep mists which had been rolling up the river, and obscuring rapidly star after star, enveloped them in the profoundest obscurity.

"Nothing could be more lucky for us," said Hinchcliff. "Now, we had best lay on our oars to decide how to act. We must be cautious and silent. But, my lord, who is this man?" and he laid his hand on the shoulder of the earl, who sat shivering in his wet clothes, his face buried in his collar, and his arms folded on his breast. Our lives depend on knowing our men."

DEATH OF LITTLE EVA'S FEEBLE TORMENTOR.

"I will be surely for his silence," said Lord Neagle.

"That is not enough. Already he guesses we are leagued on some mystery," quickly said Captain Fay, who had been for some time talking aside in the under tone: "he must, are he known'wards, be tied and fastened down in the boat. Though he is your friend, my lord, I will not trust him. You must excuse me; but we have hallern around our necks, and talk like serious men."

"It matters not what becomes of me!" said the earl. "I see you speak of me. I am in your way. You had best kill me, but cast me overboard again whence you took me. Life or death—it is indifferent!"

"The man speaks like one desperate," said Fay.

"The very man to join us," remarked Lord Neagle, pungently. "My friends, let me say a few words to him aside, and I warrant me you will be satisfied with his reply?"

"Do as you please, my lord. We only wish to secure ourselves. This is no child's play to-night. But out of respect to you, we will keep him if he can be found, and won't 'pouch."

"My lord," said the young nobleman, in an under tone, "I know your affairs must be desperate to drive you to self-destruction. Providence has put me in your way. I know you have got means to live for. Your beautiful daughter—"

"Who are ye? I fancied, or was it real, that three times addressed you as my lord."

"Real. I am a young nobleman, also, of desperate fortunes. My name it is not necessary for you to know. Suffice it to say that I heard a rumor, yesterday, of your proposed play for an immoderate amount with Sir Paul Varney. At midnight I see you cast yourself from London Bridge. What is the inference? That you have staked your all upon a throw, and lost!—in a word, that you have been ruined, and your lovely and proud child penniless!"

A deep groan responded to this artful conclusion of his address.

"Now, my lord, my fortunes are as low down as your own. When an noblemen are nonpolyes, we might as well (as you tried practically to illustrate to-night) be lifeless. Now, having no stomach for Thames water, and wishing to live to repent, some high, my evil deeds, I have concocted myself with three honest fellows here to relieve the Queen (bless her majesty) from a great deal of expense and trouble, by relieving her from the Tower jewels which are there deposited, and which it costs many pounds a year to keep. It is an act, as you say, my Lord Ingils, of pure charity and gallantry."

"How do I understand?"

"Simply that this is a night expedition to steal the jewels from the Tower. That is the simple truth, my lord."

"Rob the Tower?"

"Rob the Tower. Will you join us, and share in the booty?"

"Am I a robber?"

"My lord, it is better to rob than to kill?"

"I have not killed!"

"Kill yourself, I mean. Let us not mince matters. A man who will commit suicide because he has lost money, will rob to get money. This is my honest creed, and it works well. Now, as to your lordship will join me, you shall share the spoils. The wealth is enormous. I have certain evidence that in one place, accessible by means we purpose, we may lay our hands upon seven, still more sterling! Why, there is not a king in Europe that could resist the temptation, if he was sure he could not be found out, and have can we poor devil lords, who have not a real guinea to keep Bonibrook at bay, let slip the occasion? Nothing the Tower—taking from the Queen—is not a private robbery, my lord. It is the difference between a murder and a battle. Kill a thousand men in a war is glory; kill one in peace is murder. To ignite a purse on the highway is robbery; to steinnel the rown jewels from the Tower is a splendid achievement. Besides, there is no danger?"

"No danger?"

"Everything is a well organized that success is certain."

"How can you enter the Tower?"

"This question was enough. Lord Neagle now felt that the end was his. This inquiry betokening, as it did, an awakening interest, was enough for the shrewd inquirer.

"We have duplicate keys. But my friends are becoming impatient at our long conference. Will you join us, if you shall receive half of my portion?"

"No danger of failure?"

"None."

"Consider, in the name of the foul serpent, who art thou?"

"It matters not. It needs not my name to add value to the Queen's gold, once in your hand. Be with us, and to-morrow, instead of lying a lonely corpse at the bottom of the river, or making your daughter a beggar, and witnessing her despair and shame, you can return in her eyes and will, your honor safe, your fortune repaired, and happiness and joy will entrance you beneath your roof, instead of sorrow and woe!"

"Enough! I am in your hands!"

Lord Neagle immediately turned to Hinchcliff and the one-armed captain.

"All's well, my lads, then, my Lord!" said the former.

An oath too fearful in his awful words of adjuration to be here repeated, was then administered in the passive nobleman, and each man grasping his hand, he became one of their number. As this ceremony closed, he covered his eyes with his hands and groaned as if conscience was not wholly sacrificed; as if he had yielded with something of the usual sort of despair which had driven him to seek refuge in death.

Adieu, lord of the universe, fell in one moment, by one act, from his princely dominion to the degrading servitude of vice; and by one act, and in one moment, some of his noblest descendants have descended from the hight of virtue to the abyss of guilt. This parallel is not, however, wholly true of Lord Ingils, for his conscience had been paralyzed by the vice of gaming;—the column, ere it fell, had been flawed and weakened. The adhesion of this nobleman to the Tower party was but an inevitable sequence in the moral scale of his career. One leak will sink a stately ship, and one vice a man.

The boat had been kept in position opposite the Tower stairs by an occasional sculeless reverse dip of the oars in the water, while a private consultation was held by the parties. The six oarsmen, Hinchcliff, and the one-armed captain, the conspirators, as the consultation was carried on in a voice too low for them who were forward to hear. Lord Neagle, the nobleman was, however, a listener, and an interested one. All the while he was puzzling his memory to recall where he had heard Lord Neagle's voice; and he internally resolved he would make the earliest moment to discover who he was. The idea of being associated in a robbery was now rapidly fading before the bright hope of being able to repair his losses and spare Lady Isabel the pain and shame of being told she was destitute of fortune. If this poor tool can be excused for his deeper fall, the apology is to be found in his deceived love for a daughter, rather than we whom in want he had consented to lend himself to robbery. But guilt can have no palliation. Death is preferable—honorable death, to crime committed to save from death and shame.

All the preliminaries being arranged, the boat was rowed slowly towards the Tower stairs as the clock in the square keep tolled three and the first quarter. The time and aspect of the night was favorable. The fog concealed the Tower itself, but the tolling of the bell guided the oar.

The barge, when within a few feet of the stairs, was stopped in its cautious movements, and Hinchcliff and Lord Neagle rose and fixed their weapons in their belts.

It had been decided that they two should be the first to step upon the stone pier, at the side of the stairs, Hinchcliff leading the way; that after they had been gone a few minutes, the boat should fall down below, into a sort of recess, out of the way, so that, if the fog should lift, it could not be discovered by the guard on the pier. The only part which Lord Ingils was to take was to take the helm, and keep the boat in its position, while Fay and the young men, George, his nephew, got upon the quay to await the return of the party, and receive and help them take on board the booty.

Without doubt the whole plan was skillfully conceived, and, with the extraordinary aid of Hinchcliff and his duplicate keys, combined with his perfect knowledge of every part of the Tower, only want of courage, or some great mishap, could prevent its success; for the keepers of this fortalice of the Thames, trusting more to locks and bars than to eyes, kept but your guard over the Queen's treasures in the way of sentry posting; and to this absence of sentinels, and the sense of perfect security of the inmates, Hinchcliff and Lord Neagle, the two master-spirits of the enterprise, depended for their success.

To lower greater facility in this adventure, Lord Neagle had visited the Tower as an American gentleman, two days before, and, among other curiosities, had been shown the jewels. With a careful scrutiny he marked their position and number, and decided on the best mode of securing them.

With three advantages and unusual facilities these two men, thus strangely drawn together by a common interest, set off from the two extremities of the social scale of England—the one a high-born noble, the other near a publican, when a boy, in Herts, stole noiselessly along the up-turn of the parapet of the old-bank. Hinchcliff carried at his belt's red dark lantern, precisely like those which were used within the Tower. It was a new one, closed, and carefully shrouded beneath his coat. His dress—for he cast off his pea-jacket into the boat—was the usual one worn by warders of the Tower. Moreover, he had a wig and beard, and a pair of blue spectacles, which he had gotten that so much him resemble an old, red, shock-headed sexton of the inner lodge, that he felt confident he could not be suspected, if seen by any one being other than the porter himself.

"Now, my Lord, keep silence to-day," said Hinchcliff, as he let himself down by climbing from the parapet to the pavement, near the top of the Tower stairs; for those, on the water-side, being closed by a strong gate, they had been under the necessity of scaling the outer wall of the ditch, and descending within it to the main landing, where an arched passage conducted to the Tower.

"Is this the main entrance, Hinchcliff?" whispered Lord Neagle. "It does not seem the way by which I came before."

"It is the south water port, my Lord. This gate is the one which I have the key to. Besides, as it is opened oftenest, it does not creak upon the hinges as much as the rest, and will, therefore, not do not be heard!"

The cautious then rippled a key from the bunch at his belt to the ward of the gate, and turned it. It opened heavily at their pressure against it, and both entered a spacious low story. Closing the gate, they advanced noiselessly to another door, and this, also, in the Tower, and this, a little effort, yielded to their perseverance.

"That gate creaks louder than I took," said Hinchcliff. "Let us conceal ourselves a moment till we ascertain whether it was heard."

It was heard. A sentinel, with a red light in his hand, came out of a side door, and looked about him. He, however, soon returned into the shelter of a deep recess, and after muttering a few words about "hearing some noise," the sentinel re-entered his sentry-box and closed the door, for the night was cold.

Hinchcliff now touched his companion, and the two proceeded until they came to a flight of stone steps, which they ascended, and, reaching the second, with great caution—for a sentry was usually stationed at the top—they found the door open, and passing along a corridor, the turnkey passed before a door which was half buried beneath the wall.

"This leads into the armory. It is the private way by which the warders enter to arm and clean the arms. Now, my Lord, we are within the Tower, and we will have to be cautious indeed, and we are within

"Yes; I thought I heard strange noises and came to look about," answered Hinchliff, imitating her usual tones of the old man whose disguise he had assumed.

"So you did, dotard! You are always dreaming, and are now not to one walking in your sleep! What do you fear?"

"Robbers!"

"Robbers! If they get into the Tower they could not get out; and not even Jack Shephard could get in through seven iron doors, each less of steel. Go back!"

"I'll just walk round," answered Hinchliff.

"And who is that?"

"One o' the porters I took with me for fear o' the robbers?" He then added to Lord Nuagle, in a whisper: "This soldier is a resolute fellow, and a tractableness. We can't get rid of him. I did not look for a sentry here! He is in our way, and will be by the sword?"

Without a word, Lord Nuagle, with that courage and decision for which he gave promise of, caught the sentry by the throat so suddenly that he prevented his crying out, and forced him backward until he fell to the stone floor. In an instant the assassin had pinned Hinchliff to the floor, and placed his knee his breast, and together they quickly bound and gagged him, having first with his face to the wall. The next moment the key was in the door of the secret chamber of the Tower and the two bold men stood in the presence of their coveted treasures! But suddenly Hinchliff uttered an exclamation of disappointment:

"The crown is removed?"

"I might have anticipated this," said Lord Nuagle; "for to-morrow the Queen is to receive in state the King of Prussia. The crown has been taken away for display. But there is wealth enough for us in these royal jewels, and in this jeweled chain, and these orders filled with gems, which even were by our kings."

"There will certain ot beyond our hopes," answered Hinchliff; "but for the name of the thing I wished us had the crown itself."

"It is better as it is. Hinchliff, we are abundantly, and easily taken away!"

Without further delay they removed four caskets of jewels, which were within a grated enclosure, to which also the artful and sagacious Hinchliff had the key, and placed them in a leathern sack, which they brought with them for the purpose from the lodge. Then the two bold fellows—for Hinchliff from the inner room, and so through all the apartments reaching the entrance from the side of the Tower-gates, and their boat but not without finding themselves in some peculiar situations on their retreat.

"What luck?" asked the skipper, as they entered the barge.

"Good," answered Hinchliff, as he placed the sack in the chief and locked it.

"Give way, men!" was the resultant order.

The barge shot out into the river, and, descending the stream, reached, just as the first gray light of dawn was visible in the East, a sharp-bowed, ralish brigantine, at anchor three miles below the Tower. The chest was hoisted on board, and the command given by Captain Fry to weigh anchor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASKED LOVER.

The scene of our story are now transferred to the rural village of Conybeare-Ford, a few miles from London down the Thames. It is an ancient and shady place, its chief street being lined for its whole length with the projecting arms of venerable oaks, which looked aged enough to have shaded the Norman conqueror, who, says the village tradition, once rested beneath one for half a summer's day in their cool shade.

The village, or hamlet, was composed of two or three rows of low-roofed dwellings, in some of which lived the seventh generation of the original builders. Everything, indeed, looked old and primitive. They were all of one story, and thatched with straw. The village inn, the manor house, the parsonage, the blacksmith's shop, and the cottages and barns, almost the same has and seats which their long dead ancestors made and occupied when I was in one stay. The very cows seemed to be a hundred years old, and the cats that sat in the windows had evidently sat there for half a century before them.

This pleasant, moss-grown, quiet hamlet was inhabited by the peaceful population "Ford" to the tributary fact that, in the reign of Edward the Confessor the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the Thames had been, at this point, been fordable; that all that place literally had been had crossed with his red-beard warriors and surprised London town; and a story still existed that a battle had been preserved in an old ballad which the musical tapers when they get a gentle company sometimes sing in the "Conybeare Arms," the village inn, love nightly to sing about.

The fact of the ballad is may not be amiss to entertain our readers with, by way of carrying the onward tenor of our tale. The ballad goes as follows:

"The first Lord of Conybeare, who was created an earl of the Saxton marches of England by Harold the Willish, had a fair daughter Genevra. She was the fairest maid in all the country around, and many a young knight dedicated his first won spurs to the glory of her beauty. Sixteen sought her hand, but none she loved but a fair youth, who every night swam the river to meet her on the beach below. She had never seen his face, for he came only by night; but his voice was so soft and small, and yet so manly and thrilling withal, in the varied keys of the song, it rose and fell, now plaintive and tender, now proud and bold, that he fairly sung her heart out of her. As a bird is captivated by the eye of a basilisk, and presently falls with its prey, so was the lovely Genevra captivated by the mysterious lover who, by song, sought to win her love.

"When it was told the proud earl, by a tell-tale waiting-woman, that his fair daughter had a nightly visitor, (save on moonlit nights he came not,) who swam to her of love and glory, and that his child was deeply in love for him, and wanted pale, and grew thin, and sighed much, and gave herself up to melancholy, he set himself to discover who he was, but all in vain; for no sooner was the stripper approached the time to hear some new song, but he vaulted into the river, and in the darkness he escaped by the river current. But one stormy night he was discovered by his pursuers, by a flash of lightning, swimming in mid-river, and half a dozen long shafts from as many archers' bows went whizzing across the dark flowing water.

"Lord Gilbert to
To his archers said,
'A palmer, mark and an arm bend
He was who first shall cross the foe.'
And firing are struck the traitor's boat.

"But the stormy had travelled the widest, and true not of ten of the archers were swept away and drowned; the rest reached the other side, and the swimmer, who heard the order of the earl, and presently take the lead off the archer's shoulders with his own good sword, which he had held, while swimming, in his teeth; and calling out across the flood, he said,—

"'A golden mark and an arm bread
I crave from thee, my courteous lord,
For maybe a beast, though not man,
But life belonged to a region of love.
Farewell, my Lord of Conybeare,
And give my grace to thy daughter fair.'

"This bold and fearful lover then disappeared, and no Genevra had heard all that passed, and how bravely he had spoken, and so gallantly, withal, and her life here, she could not but feel more love for him than before, and wish to know who he was that had won her heart, his face unknown. The next night he had his accustomed stay, and listened all along the shore, and every accent was familiar, while at the fixed hour he appeared on his fleet-yoaked sedilio, watching for the lover; for the Earl of Conybeare had promised his daughter to the son of his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then away in the Spanish realm fighting like a brave young knight; but Genevra, who had never seen her cousin since he was a boy, like a true and willful maiden, made up her mind that she was mistress of her own heart, and would never give it but where she pleased; and it did not please her, she said to her self, that he had his face covered with beauty, by her father, to his nephew, Lord Egbert, a heartless coxcomb, who thought more of his own person than of love the lady and title to the family. Genevra thought more of her heart than of her greatness; and declared to her father she would not marry any knight or prince who would not seek her hand, and pay suit to her like a true knight and lover. And while this was going Lord Egbert, confident that he was the favored of the lady, and leaving the matter indifferently in his hands, as if Genevra were a puppet, stayed abroad in foreign lands, dissolute wooing, like a true and true-hearted devotion which he should of right pay to the fairer Genevra.

"But, sure of me, he trouble-himself little with relishing me; and after a time, one evening, as much as she sat by her latticed, looking out upon the starlit river, it was at this moment she heard the first notes of that sweet and thrilling song which was the shelter of the garden, which continued night after night, and which was her lover's call, and stood in her an ardent desire to know her secret lover.

"In the mountains of Cumberland, my love, my nephew lies, if he wished to wed his daughter, he must come and woo her; for such was her whim.

"When, therefore, the lover had ceased singing, or had fairly won his child, his rage knew no bounds; and he called his nephew, Lord Egbert, to fight, but he must barter or he would lose his bride.

"With all the watching on the shore, the music of the serenade rose clear and sweetly from the bank opposite the castle, and, in the darkest night the burning rangs of Spanish beauty, Donna Inez Ruiz, floated down the river, under the walls of Genevra. Guards and archers' bows, no-one, no lances can shut out music, love will find a way to heaven. At hearing this, the Lord of Conybeare's wrath arose, and he once more ordered his bowmen to cross the flood, and bring him the head of the young serenader. But when they reached the other side, lo! the dear, bold, wild rose from the river's foliage beneath the castle windows; and, as Genevra witnessed with delight, he escaped unharmed, and, at a bound, stood in her presence. The fight fell upon his manly and knightly form and confronted her; but his courage, his love, his beauty, beheld his face.

"Lady, the flowers you have cast to me—the ring which I threw up to you, and which I now set upon your hand, and which I will wear forever! Will you fly with me? I have you with all my heart, and, though your kindred and I am foe no more, I am no longer a foe. Consent to be mine!"

"Why should we linger to detail what followed. In an instant the maiden and her unknown lover were flying along the river road, he mounted upon a noble horse, and she by his side, upon a handsome palfrey. They flew like the wind along the Thames till the sun had risen, and found themselves in view. They soon alighted at a site door of the abbey, entered it, and before the altar, by lamplight, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, in the hands of holy matrimony.

"Now, fair bride Genevra,' said the victorious knight, 'let us return to your father's castle, and beg his forgiveness and blessing.'

"He will slay thee, Sir Knight, my husband.'

"Nay, he will bless our union.'

"They returned to the manor, and by-and-by reached the castle-gate. Before it, surrounded by servants with torches, stood the Lord of Conybeare. The rest of his people were away in pursuit of the fugitives. He was mounted upon a steed, and as they approached he called out,—

"What speed? Ought of my child?'

"'Here she is, my father!' answered the lover. 'I have brought her home to you in safety.'

"Who art thou, that I may thank thy?'

"The daughter's wedded husband! I am the serenader who to-night escaped with her. We were married at Westminster two hours agone, my father.'

"Here is the gray head on all my sorrow! Get out of sorrowing, it was of Rose his daughter, and his maid-servant she; and no man guainsped; for in his daughter, whom her admirers called 'Wild Rose' on the field of battle, he recognized the old Queen's rudes.

"The beautiful maiden we have said was waiting, like Rachel of old, for water. Several old women of the village were waiting also, gossiping about the time that had elapsed since the fair girl had supplied the kept afoot' for the respected age, and had not yet returned. Some have left the village, and said first; but she refused, saying pleasantly:

"I can wait, good wife, as I have but a step to go while you have all your long story.'

And so they blessed her in their hearts, and said to her father, and young maiden for her trouble, and although they themselves no longer retained their youth, they loved to gaze at the, and with envy admire her freshness and blooming health; for it reminded them of their own youthful days, when they were beloved by their lovers, their cheeks, and last lustre to their eyes.

One after one the women with their buckets and pitchers left the pump, and went slowly to their own homes, and presently the village was deserted. Not yet remained at the place, and were gossiping still about the news that had reached the village of the fair girl's visit, instead of filling her pitchers, when a young man, attired not as a village lad, but in a handsome costume, came up, and seeing Rose, smiled and said pleasantly, yet blushingly, as you do when they address a pretty girl:

"Good even, Rose?

"Good even, Robert Murray!" She did not blush to return, but spoke kindly, yet with perfect indifference.

"Shall I fill your pitcher for you?"

"No, I am not in a hurry."

"Come, good wife Margy, Rose is waiting?" he said to the old "cumsorre." "Fill quickly and give her place."

"Marry come up! and who art thou, lad, that talks so stout to us. What thank-you is yours? Hast been at blows in the ale?" She civil to the age? Then hopest to get a smile from that pretty face for thy impudence? Nay, but be sure thou'lt get frowns; for she'll no'de do it! You sain your stay too high if your father's son hopes to wed Rose Wildbrier!"

The young man looked angry, and turning to the maiden said disparagingly:

"Didn't feed thine, Rose."

The girl smiled so reply, but stripping next him displaced her pitcher to the spout, and said kindly—

"Pump for me, Aunt Margy, please."

The old dame did the maiden's request. Rose received her pitcher, and placing the pump-handle with her left hand—

Robert was about to force her away in his fiery gallantry to be of service to Rose; but the latter said quickly:

"Robert Murray!"

He stopped back with a lowering brow, which changed to a dark and scowling aspect the cheerfulness of look with which he had at first said to Rose, prior to her. It was surprising how soon and on what slight account so great a change took place. Naturally his countenance was handsome and open, but he was small, well limbed and proud himself with an air of courage and self-reliance. But the light grey eye, slightly tinged with green, his sharp, thin nostrils, his flexible and moving under lip, which with the white teeth were nearly one line, were features that marked a character dangerous and treacherous. He was the only son of the richest of all the villages, and he counted on birth the equal of Rose; and regarded himself worthy of her as the richest of the village, and the one who could have the least title or claim to presume to the hand of Rose, a presumption which he had long maintained, without encouragement whatever. Rose neither liked nor disliked him. She did not care anything about him one way or other; while he on his own behalf grew for her, and had attractions increased, as was natural, his ardent passion. The frank, friendly relationship which she treated him, the vexatious ignorance with which she received his most attentions towards her, only protected her from his open declarations of love. He was conscious in his own heart that she would mortally laugh at him in his face, and with him grew more and more up the problem of his secret thoughts whether she, with her "dying-speak," whereat the coxcomb, and he would "die" for her, hoped the former, while he feared the latter. Such was the state of affairs when Rose came to be comes of an interesting in question, being dressed with more care than usual, as it was when the island-lord of the lodged to meet Rose. He age was three-and-twenty, he had been two years at the village, and had been away for two months past, simply on filler; a village loon waiting his days in long and idleness.

"You are mighty offish, Rose Wild'er" he said, with a forced laugh, to return to the inn with the pitcher balanced upon the palm of her right hand—a mode of carrying it which Rose had been taught by her mother, and symmetrical beauty that set off the fine features of her form in the most becoming manner. As she left the pump-house she crossed the flame of love in the young man's bosom, which both made up of hope and pain, and strong adoration, he watched her step gracefully down the pump-house, and his face darkened with anger once to her, and said:

"Rose, I am not a man to be trifled with. If you treat me in this way you will be sorry for it as good as you give?"

Rose made no reply, but her pretty lip curled with disdain. She felt that she was "giving him to understand" that she was nothing to her give. In a word, she did not care anything about him.

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"Angry! love-some one else!" and he walked on persistingly by her.

"You have no right to speak to me and annoy me in this way, Robert Murray!" and she suddenly fell in the street about twenty yards from the inn.

"Rose, I love you! Is that the height of a right to speak to you?"

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"Then promise to meet me at nine to-night, under the old oak!"

"I never will," she answered firmly.

"Then I will not leave you!"

"No. Go!"

The pride of the young man flushed fiercely in his eyes and reddened his forehead. His hands clenched, and in the impulse of his rage he was about to strike her, when she attempted to step, pitcher falling from her hand she turned to fly. At the same moment a horseman, a knight, with special constable advance from the inn, and lay his hand upon the young gallant's arm, and the way with indignancy, and in a slightly foreign accent:

"Knave! coward! coquin! would you lay your hand upon the fair girl?" and he struck him around and round again with a skill and strength that felled the young man to the ground. He rose with a blow in the face sent him reeling till he plashed forward upon the grass, while a pistol flew from his pocket. Murray set but the other, and pulled a red and white ribbon out like a cockade, the colors of the "Red Rosers," who had all of a sudden resisting the Queen's troops. Instantly the whole party of the village, and the knight, with cuffs, to his feet, and grappling him again, finally, said:

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CHAPTER IX.

KYE MARIE, THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

The story still continues its scenes and events to the first night on which it opened, changing only from place to place, but always limiting the time of action between the evening and morning of that night, if the celebrity of the jewels.

The reader will therefore follow us to a narrow lane, which runs close under the walls of St. Giles' Church, in the central part of London. The street-lamps are just being lighted by the rapid lamplighters, and the sun rising so much in its turn is kindled, scarcely illumines the first ground, so dense is the fog. The time is of course dark, and a little before the hour when we first met Lord Conybeare on his way to the salon of gamblers, celebrated, as we have said, for its low rate of play, and little regard of the respectable. Now, at this hour, the lane is narrow and gloomy, and the houses are very lofty and old; for it was the same narrow passage it is now, two hundred years ago. Indeed, rare Ben Jonson, and even Shakespeare once, for a week or two, lodged in it, and it is said that they occasional. Before this tumble-down and ruinous habitation, blind and grown old with years, I did not stop. The sign which was once over the low door (a bust of Shakespeare) had rotted down; the windows were broken, and the panes of the immediate entrance seemed as if, after having done duty in the village, they had been sent to the workhouse, and the old dame who had been the last tute or claim in persons to the hand of Rose, a presumption which had long maintained, without encouragement whatever. Rose neither liked nor disliked him. She did not care anything about him one way or other; while he on his own behalf grew for her, and had attractions increased, as was natural, his ardent passion. The frank, friendly relationship which she treated him, the vexatious ignorance with which she received his most attentions towards her, only protected her from his open declarations of love. He was conscious in his own heart that she would mortally laugh at him in his face, and with him grew more and more up the problem of his secret thoughts whether she, with her "dying-speak," whereat the coxcomb, and he would "die" for her, hoped the former, while he feared the latter. Such was the state of affairs when Rose came to be comes of an interesting in question, being dressed with more care than usual, as it was when the island-lord of the lodged to meet Rose. He age was three-and-twenty, he had been two years at the village, and had been away for two months past, simply on filler; a village loon waiting his days in long and idleness.

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London, ignorant of its language, and accursed of God, found no shelter from man. For thirty years up to the time we now behold them they had lived, themselves and Satan only could tell how! but always by crime—thieving, robbing, lying, deceiving their kind. They clung together in their guilt and misery. What deeds of crime in this thirty years each had done no man can tell. Their last great crime was fearful. Finding they were growing old,—for guilt and want, and a "continual looking for of judgment," had made them prematurely old,—they stole a sweet boy from a garden near London, and taking him to their den they put out his beauteous blue eyes, as the heartless king did those of the two young princes, with hot iron; and made use of his blindness as an instrument of begging, leading him into the streets, now one now the other; while all the London papers rung with accounts of the loss of his wealthy parents. By and by, many months after, God took the child's soul away to Heaven, and its body was then carried, with a sort of fiendish pleasure, by its murderers, to the garden where they had stolen him away as he slept upon a bench in an arbor; and upon the same bench they laid the eyeless dead. But our pen refuses to dwell on these facts in London crime. We have an object in introducing these wretches into our story, and we would have the reader know something of them. There they sit and quaff ale and quarrel like two dogs over a bone! What a reward and recompense is this for their guilt in their father's death! Their thirty years of living death was a punishment severer than the guillotine from which they fled. Life was a curse to them, and yet they fought and cursed and clung to life!

There was a third person in the room. It is a young girl of thirteen. She is a delicately-framed child, and her pale, thin, famine-stricken face must have been lovely when she was a younger child and a happier; for surely better days have been hers. Her eyes are large and blue, and full of sorrow and fear! She looks as a child might who for many days had been chained without food, within a few feet of a lioness in the same den, and expected each moment to be torn in pieces. Just such a look of fear and horror had this pale girl. It was fixed and permanent. In whatever direction she looked around her, the look was there. Oh, God! what suffering, what tyranny, what cruelty must that child have endured to leave there such an impress of dreadful woe!

The girl was barefooted. She had but a single garment on, and this split to the naked knee, torn down the shoulder all along the naked arm, and rent down the back. She had tied it together as well as she could with shreds of the tarred rope which we see in the corner. Her hair was long, uncombed and wild; but yet it was soft and rich, like neglected and entangled floss. It was as black as shining silk, and singularly and beautifully contrasted the blueness of her eyes. The hands of the poor and laborious have snubbed fingers, hardened and worn blunt by toil, with squarish nails. The fingers of this child were tapering and shapely as if she were the daughter of a Duchess; and her naked feet had the arched under-curve and elegant shape the Grecian sculptors loved to give to Dian the Huntress. Blood and thorough-bred lineage will show itself in the horse, even if in the plough, and in woman even in rags. Evidently, dear reader, this young girl did not belong to these monsters! They had no children. Marriage was not for them. They clung together copartners in their one great crime, and feared to separate! feared one should betray the other even after thirty years! for laws of nations are for all time; and grasp the offender while he is in time, passing years giving never oblivion. They knew if they were discovered and recollected that France would as promptly demand their blood, as if it had been thirty years earlier. So they clung together hating and fearing one another; in all the time never speaking one to the other in a tone of kindness, but ever snarling and snappish. They had become like two old cats or two old dogs, only cats and dogs, being unpossessed of devils, are the more amiable and preferable animals.

The young girl stood in the corner of the room, behind the woman—if it may be called a standing, which was rather hanging. Tied by her two thumbs, she was tied up to a beam by a cord, so that her toes just touched the floor, bearing in their painful tension the whole weight of her body. She seemed to endure this torture as a matter of course—silent and patient. Hark! she slightly moans. The old woman Therese, without raising her cropped, gray head, about which was tied a dirty red cloth, mumbled shrilly,—

"Aye, vous get more d'argent nex toims."

"Yees," chimed in Simon, the old man, with a shaking of his fist at the child, "you be idel no mores, now! You lazie, no beg enough beaucoup, mechante! Nex toim we killee you."

Poor Eva (her name is Eva Marie! a sweet name for so sad a bearer) is so used to threats of death, when she comes home at night without money, or very little, that she makes no sign of having heard; but hangs there, the patient incarnation of silent suffering! She did not moan with every pain, for she received blows if she made a noise; heavy blows—blows with the man's fist—blows with the woman's bony open hand! They quarrel about their ale and forget her. She closes her eyes and falls asleep hanging there. How calm, and holy, and innocent that white, pale countenance! Sweetly she sleeps, as happier children on a bed of down! Eva has no bed—why not sleep there? Perhaps the good angels, that love to hover about the innocent and suffering, have made a couch around her with their wings, and bear gently up the weight of her body, so that, feeling it not, she falls into relieved repose. She smiles! What a radiant smile—as if she saw the blessed and good angels, and thanked them.

"Sacre! Vous avez bu le tout entier, mauvaise!" yells out Simon, grasping the ale mug in his sister's hand.

"Maldite! Ne mettez vous pas la main ici!" she screamed back, in bad French, made more horrid with the vile pronunciation. But as he insisted on recovering it before she took the whole, she bit his fingers with her teeth, and spat in his face like an infuriated cat. Upon this, he caught her by the short, grizzly hair, and thumped her head thrice hard upon the table. Still she held on firmly to the mug, with all the strength of both her hands, trying between each knock to convey it to her lips. Finding he could not regain it, he rose and threw her by the hair of the head to the floor. She fell with curses, and the mug, being beneath her, was smashed into fragments. Suddenly she uttered a loud scream of pain. A sharp piece had pierced her side, and the blood flowed freely upon the floor, mingled with the poured out ale. His countenance assumed a terrible ferocity. He sought some weapon to slay her. He anathematized her for losing the ale. He was so poor he possessed no knife, and he turned to the poor girl, and, after overwhelming her with imprecations, he untied her, and, with a blow upon the cheek, sent her across the room, ordering her to go out and beg money, and buy a mug and ale, and bring it in, or he would surely kill her.

"Go—go! *Va!* Come you no back avec no money no beera. Je vous kill dead, sacre!"

The poor child made her way along the dark passage by which we came in, and reached the street. With her hands folded up under her armpits, and shivering in the chill, foggy air, she went along mechanically. She moved like machinery—apathetic, and with features immoveable. All she felt was, that she must come back with money, or be killed by those monsters, in whose power she was. She went on, and on, and on, until she emerged from the labyrinth of crooked and vile streets, and came where better clad people walked. With sad appeal she thrust out her hand to the passers-by—

"Sir, please a penny!"

Men went on either heedless, or with a rude "No, begone!" Could that wretched room, out of which she had been driven, and the scenes enacted there, have suddenly appeared before these cold deniers' vision, how would the hardest-hearted among them have hastened to relieve her. Alas! we are poor, ignorant, and blind creatures! It is oftener through ignorance of their real necessities that we turn away from the poor! So the little Eva went pattering on with her bare feet, and no one gave unto her. She saw a man in a cloak pass by! He looked as if he had money. It was Lord Neagle hastening, as the reader will remember, from his mortifying interview with Lady Isabel, to his rendezvous in the Cul-de-Sac with Hinchcliff.

"Nothing," he said, shaking his head at her, and hurrying on.

So she passed into another street, and by-and-by, after many rebuffs, she fell in with the Earl of Conybeare, on his way to the gaming saloon. This interview, and the results up to his leap into the Thames, the reader was fully made acquainted with in chapter one of our story.

We now intend to follow the little Eva, or Mary, as she called herself after the nobleman had leaped from the bridge. She felt so much interested in one who had not only spoken kindly to her, but had given her money, (money—to keep Simon and Therese from killing her!) Oh, potent money! oh, life-saving silver! oh, life-preserving gold! No wonder men who have no other God worship and bow down to thee!

"What child art thou?" asked the watchman of the bridge, after he had seen the suicide-seeker taken up by Lord Neagle's descending barge. "Is the man thy father?"

"No—oh, no, sir."

"What then? for I saw thee come on the bridge together."

"No—I only followed him—he was so kind."

"Kind—and kill himself!"

"He gave me some money, and some good, kind words."

"You are a beggar, eh?"

"I don't beg because I love to, sir. I can't help it."

The watchman was moved by the plaintive tones in which she spoke.

"You are poor!"

"Very poor, sir, if you please."

"I don't please to have you poor, child," he said, smiling,—for she saw the smile by the bridge lamp, and wondered; for human smiles, to her, were as rare as sunshine to the poor Cornwall children—that live, like black ants, far down in coal shafts under the earth,—the Queen's foster children—the immortal moles and bats of her vast realm. Kind words, smiles, and candy were all unknown to poor little Eva Marie.

"Here, child. You look hungry and cold! Take this! My little daughter put it into my pocket as I came out to my 'beat' to-night, but you need it more than I. I have little girls; and God knows, if anything should happen to me, they may need a crust, like thee, which may Heaven forbid!"

As he spoke he placed in her hand half a loaf of fresh bread! What—have watchmen and policemen hearts? Did any one ever before suspect them of having snug little homes, and wives and little ones, and all other domestic humanities? Who ever saw an officer leading his own little boy! or with his good wife hanging on his arm! Do they go to church ever? Do they ever laugh and enjoy themselves? Or are they always there at their post—always the same hard-visaged, cold, stern, watchful statues, seeking whom they may devour—the terror of evil-doers!

"Thank you, sir. It is so good!" and she greedily went on devouring it, and, curtesying to him, she disappeared in the dark shadows of the tall houses that lined the bridge street. She ate as she ran, and she hastened, as fast as she could, home. Home! Shall this sacred word, which Religion has applied to all that is holy on earth, and to Heaven itself, be desecrated by application to room No. 19, in the den in Shakespeare's Lane? And why did she hasten back to give these wretches the money Lord Inglis had bestowed upon her? Why—now that she was beyond their reach—did she place herself in their power? Because she had no heart of courage to break her dreadful bonds! Months before she had fled, but never escaped: always the woman, like a sleuth hound, followed her and brought her back, and tortured her. London is a cold, hard, cruel place. Nobody cares for the houseless and friendless. The heart is dependent. It must cling to something. The companionship of a spider, of a serpent, of a tiger, is preferable to solitude! Eva knew no one but these two! They were the world to her. As men cling to the world, though it illy entreat them, so clung she, between fear and dependence (not to cling at all), to these monsters. They gave her, at least, shelter, and, sometimes, food; and these she might not get in all cold, hard-hearted London if she left them! But how did she come to be with them?

She was the only child of a poor foreigner, who, with the air and aspect of a man of birth and rank, had, Heaven knows by what reverses and wrongs, been driven at last to seek lodgings, with this child, ten years before, at the Den. He was far gone in consumption, and, moneyless, dying, and friendless, he came hither to breathe his last. How he knew of the place we know not. But misery in some way soon learns the abodes of the miserable! As he spoke French, Simon and Therese took him and his child into their room. The story is a short one. In three days he died. Upon his breast was found a locket—the gold case wanting, pawned, doubtless, for food or bed. They seized it, and kept the sweet, fair child, and broke, by degrees, its spirit, with fear and blows, and made it their slave. Alas, poor little Marie! Surely there cometh a judgment, when the great cycle of Time's hourglass will be turned up again, and the sands run the other way. There is a Court of Errors above where suffering and wronged humanity will file its appeal! The page that now reads from right to left will there be read from left to right!

Little Eva reached her Den, and entered it with a light heart. She was happy, because she felt she would not be killed. Hers was negative joy always! She never had a positive delight. The monsters slept—one the sleep of earth, which has a waking,—the other, Therese, that sleep of the heart which knows no waking! She lay in a pool of blood! The first chapter of the history of the female parricide was closed! The next would open—*where?*

Little Eva stood appalled. The cold, waxy face made her feel strongly as she gazed upon it. She could not realize that the stiff, blue lips would never curse nor scold her more!—that those bony and fixed fingers, strong as coral bracchia, would never inflict blows upon her more! A sort of dreadful joy stole into her heart as the truth took possession of her mind. But there lay Simon, his head near her feet, and though asleep, alive. But she had not feared him so much as Therese. A bad woman is more cruel than a bad man. She prayed in her heart he might not wake again! Then she thought of her loneliness if he should die. She knew nobody. She was all alone! Simon moved and rose to his feet. The sight of his dead sister made him start back with a "Sacr-r-r-e!"

"Morte?"

"Yes."

"Who killed her?" he demanded, savagely.

"The piece of broken jug. Look!"

Simon did look. His rage was turned from the child, and he stood gazing upon the ghastly dead. A sort of stupor came over him. For thirty years they had been together in crime and being. He looked bewildered, as if he had lost a part of himself. For some minutes he uttered only the words—

"Morte—dead—dead!"

Three men, burglars, were beneath playing cards. One of them saw with surprise, eleven red hearts upon his card. He gazed upon it with amazement. As he did so, a drop of blood splashed upon his hand.

"Blood, men!"

They looked upward, and saw the red globules descending more and more rapidly.

"A murder!"

They rushed up stairs with their light, burst into the room, and saw what we have described.

Simon was soon under arrest, charged with the murder on the testimony of Eva, who told the officers, on being questioned, that they had quarreled for the mug, and he had thrown her upon the floor. When they would have taken her also into custody to appear as a witness (the custom of enlightened England being to imprison witnesses as if malefactors), she had escaped, none knew whither.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MERCHANT GOLD.

BY R. W. M.

Gold, red gold, is a merchant old,
And from manhood's dawn has bought and sold,
In every country, and every clime,
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad, round world is his ledger page—
His invoices are of every age,
Nor breathes there a being who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower,
And waits, heart-broken, the nuptial hour,
When merry bells, amid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to honor the rich man's bride—
Though *he* is not present she loves so well,
To look a long and last "farewell,"—
Is she not bargained for? is she not sold
To the selfish trader, Merchant Gold?

The miser who steals, at the dead of night,
To count and gloat o'er his treasures bright—
Who, while others riot in lust, or sleep,
Adds something more to his shining heap—
Whose priest, whose God, whose law divine,
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine,—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the cunning trader, Merchant Gold?

Feelings and friendships, love and truth,
Honor and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsmen, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things—
Body and spirit, matter and mind,
Must go in their turns to "raise the wind,"
For all are bargained for!—all are sold
To the ruthless trader, Merchant Gold.

THE LOVE-CRAZED ORPHAN;

OR,

THE FALSE-HEARTED GUARDIAN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Several years before the date of the opening of my story, Augusta Banks had taken a little foundling to rear. The death of Augusta's parents left her and her brother Angelo the sole owners of their home and fortune.

There, then, they dwelt, happy in each other's society, and seeking little connection with the world without.

They were well educated and refined in taste, therefore they made for themselves a home suited to education and refinement. In this secluded and lovely spot, and under the tender care of one whose spirit had been softened by many a secret sorrow—who had been taught patience and strength by many a long struggle, carried on, single-handed and alone, in her own heart—did the young Estelle grow up to womanhood. She was a happy-hearted child, and a happy girl, though, when *his own conduct* had made her wretched, Angelo Banks declared that she *never had been*, and never *would have been*, happy. She was of a singular, and, perhaps, contradictory character; very sensitive, very imaginative—endowed with a nature as adhesive and affectionate as was ever given to human being. As merry as the birds of spring, she hasted through her childhood—happy as a creature of earth can be, she passed her early youth; there was indeed one shadow that at times rested upon her—she remembered the open grave into which had been lowered the form of a mother, whose memory was to her as if it had been the memory of an angel of God. Alone, in the solemn night, Estelle wept for her mother, and many a time did she go stealing forth, when no eye but God's was upon her, to lie, until she was wet with the dew, and chill with the air of midnight, on that dear mother's grave. Sometimes an almost insane desire would possess her to force a passage through the earth to the cold form that was lying far below her, and she would call upon her mother's name with an intensity of longing which, could the dead hear and heed, would have brought again to earth the soul of the departed. But with the light of morning happiness returned to the heart, and smiles to the face, of the adopted child.

Augusta loved her dearly, and she was dear to Angelo.

Estelle loved her kind and indulgent adopted mother, but to Angelo she looked up with a feeling that was little short of adoration. He was so good, so learned, so handsome, and he seemed to love her so, and to that seeming love she gave all of real devotion that a woman's heart can feel.

Augusta at length awoke to the fact that Angelo and her ward were lovers. She was startled; she didn't know exactly what to say or do. She went to her room and thought about it.

"Why not? My brother will be kind to her; he is *always* kind. He is much older than Estelle, but if she loves him, *that* matters not. She is good, and love makes her beautiful to us—to my brother and me; she is poor and friendless, but *we* have enough for all. Angelo has never, to my knowledge, been so seriously in love. He has had his passing fancies, but has kept them to himself. I am confident that he has expressed his love to no woman save Estelle—how *strange*, to think of my little girl as a *woman!* It makes *me* feel old indeed"—Augusta sighed as she cast her eyes towards a mirror—"but to her he shows himself unmistakably the lover. Am I pleased? Yes, I am. Let things take their course," and the kind-hearted old maid went smiling down stairs.

Not a blinder person can there be on earth than a woman who does not wish to see, and for months Augusta was blind as a bat or mole to the pretty little romance going on right under her eyes. But by-and-by things began to wear a new aspect. The face of Estelle was often very pale, and her eyes assumed a wild and wretched expression. What could it mean?

One evening Angelo came smiling to his sister, saying he had something to say to her which he hoped would give her pleasure. He was intending soon to take unto himself a wife. Augusta had "suspected as much;" she asked, in secret joy, for the lady's name.

"Madam De On," was the reply, as the gentleman assumed an attitude of the utmost self-satisfaction, and looked to see his sister go into raptures of surprise and gratification. Instead of that she sank back in her chair, and grew pale as death.

"What *can* you mean, Angelo? Surely you are mocking my credulity. It cannot be that *my brother* is a—a—yes, a *villain;* for what other name shall I call the false robber of a woman's heart?"

"I should be pleased to know what *you* mean, Augusta Banks. I should think this is a pretty way to congratulate your brother upon his approaching nuptials with one of the most charming, as well as the most *wealthy*, ladies in the land. What *do* you mean? Explain yourself."

And Augusta *did* explain.

Angelo smiled sweetly, as he *so well could smile.*

"She is a gentle, yielding little pussy," he said, in soft tones, as if speaking *to* Estelle. "I *am* fond of her. It was pity, at first, and she is so affectionate, that I can't very well avoid making a *sort* of pet of her; but I assure you I have never, by a single promise, *committed myself* to her, and of late the child has been so offish and sulky, that I have quite learned to get along without her. I used to feel almost lost when she was all day out of my sight. Don't worry about Estelle, sis, I have never made love to her."

"What do you call 'making love,' my noble gentleman—my admirable brother?" asked Augusta, her eyes flashing scorn, and her whole frame quivering with agitation.

"Why, certainly, not the mere fondling and kissing of a young creature like Estelle—*one's own ward*, too. Why, sister, how disagreeable you do look. I really believe I shall have to go out and leave you to become more amiable before I talk further with you. 'Tis delightfully pleasing to find you in such a temper when I came to receive your joyful sympathy in my happiness."

The offended gentleman took his hat and turned towards the door, but his sister was too quick for him. She sprang to the door, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and Mr. Banks did not make his escape from her presence until his sins had been pretty distinctly set in order before him.

But when was ever a man induced to do one thing when his mind was made up to do another, particularly when the *one* thing was what he ought in all kindness and honor to do, and the *other* was just what he ought *not* to do?

Angelo married Madam De On.

This Madam was a most lovely widow lady of a French count of great wealth. She was herself an American, and felt that she was happy in obtaining a husband of her own native land, and one of so noble a character as she believed Mr. Banks to possess.

She was a true-hearted, high-souled woman—a prize well worthy the efforts of any man. Her wealth was *no objection* to Angelo, and he admired her beauty and grace; but how about *loving* her? We cannot tell—*a man's heart* is a mystery altogether beyond *our* fathoming. We will venture *one* proposition—it is this: that if a man loves a woman *for her own sake*, he can love but one; if he loves for the sake *of his own pleasure*, he can love forty or a hundred and forty women.

For several weeks before Angelo's wedding, Estelle had been pale and silent almost as a corpse. All the efforts of Augusta failed to draw any confidences from her. Not a word would she say of Angelo or of herself. When pressed to go out and try to cheer herself up, she steadily refused; and when her anxious adopted mother called in a physician to see if he could do anything for her, the wretched Estelle utterly refused to see him. Augusta knew that Angelo had had several interviews with her ward; she had noticed that he had looked very much troubled and excited after Estelle had left him. Once she spoke of what she had observed, but her brother replied in such ill humor that she resolved to say no more. She thought in her heart that he had begun to suffer for his sin, and she felt glad of it, hoping it would lead to good results. Many times she asked herself whether she had not better go and acquaint Madam De On with the state of affairs in her brother's house; but not knowing the character and disposition of that lady, she feared that such an act would be worse than useless.

The marriage was concluded, and the bridegroom was awaiting for his bride to come out equipped for the journey which they were about to take. She was late; time passed rapidly, and in a few moments they would be too late for the boat. Angelo knocked at her chamber door. There were strange sounds within.

"Who is there?" asked the voice of his bride.

"Are you not almost ready? I fear we shall lose our passage."

"Come in," said his wife, unlocking the chamber door.

Angelo entered. There were the traveling garments of his wife all lying in a heap on the floor; her bridal vail was torn in several pieces, and cast upon the hearth; and by the side of the hearth crouched Estelle, with her long, black hair all unbound, her chin resting on her knees, and her hands clasped before her over a picture of himself, which he had long before given her. Her feet were bare, and her dress was badly torn; she had climbed into the chamber over the grape arbor, and when the new-made bride had entered to change her dress, there was poor Estelle, telling to the sisters of the bride a wild, strange story, which they were too terrified to understand. When the bride herself entered, Estelle ran to her and showed her the picture, which, until then, she had concealed in her bosom. Mrs. Banks requested her sisters, and the servants and friends who had come to assist her, to go out, and leave her alone with the distracted girl. They were unwilling to do so, but the lady was firm, and they went.

"Now, my poor girl," she said, when they were alone, and the door fastened, "what is it? I know who you are, but what can have thrown you into this dreadful state, and why are you here?"

"Do not take *him* away!" began Estelle; "do not take him where I can never again see him. He loved me so before he saw you—he made *so* much of me; I was so happy—oh! *so* happy! See, he gave me this, and promised *always* to be *as* kind to me as he then was; but he has not been—he will not take me in his arms now, though I am so cold and comfortless—he will not kiss me any more, though he knows that his kisses are dearer to me than life. He looks angrily at me, and frowns, and reproves me when I sigh and groan; he is killing me, and he does not care; and oh! beautiful lady, it is all because of you. *Do not* take him away!"

When Angelo entered the chamber, he was horror-struck at the sight which met his eyes. His bride's face wore a pale, determined look, as she pointed to Estelle.

"Can you explain that?" she asked, coldly.

Estelle sprang up, and ran to cast herself into the arms of Angelo. To his credit be it spoken, he did not knock her down. She clung to him with the wild energy of despair, and cried, in piercing tones, for him to stay with her, or take her with him and his beautiful bride. Angelo saw that he was in a close and dangerous corner; he rallied all his wits to get safely out. Stroking the hair of Estelle, and calling her, in gentle tones, a naughty, silly little girl, he sat down with her upon a sofa, and proceeded to inform his wife that he was perfectly blameless in the matter of the foolish child's distress; that she was a nervous, affectionate, half-distracted creature that he and his sister had been obliged to pet very much in order to make quiet and happy, and that she must not mind anything that had been said.

"Oh! Angelo! oh! Angelo! what have you said? How *can* you tell that I have had no love but that of pity from you? *You have made me* what I am, and now you say that I was always so. May God forgive you, for you are a false, false man."

She tried to lean her head against the back of the sofa, her eyes gleamed wilder than ever, and she sent forth awful screams, which brought Augusta, with many other ladies, quickly to the chamber door. Augusta alone was admitted, and on being solemnly charged by her sister-in-law to tell what she believed to be the truth in this affair, she confirmed the story of Estelle.

It is useless to linger over this history.

The bride of an hour was too proud to receive as her husband a man who could thus trifle with and deceive any woman. She at once and forever refused to go a step with Angelo, declaring that she should immediately apply for a divorce. "I gave my love and myself to one whom I believed to be a true and noble man. I was mistaken; I recall my love—I reclaim my liberty. You can depart alone. Henceforth we are strangers."

Humbled and angry, Angelo departed, leading with him the poor, weeping Estelle.

The indignant bride detained Augusta to assure her that for Estelle, the cause of this rupture, she felt the truest pity, and for her (Augusta) continued friendship and respect. "But it will be best and most agreeable to all parties that all intercourse between our families should cease."

"Certainly, madam, I understand that," replied Augusta.

"But we part in kindness, do we not? and in the hope of meeting where no root of bitterness can ever spring up in our way."

"We do indeed. I shall ever remember you with affectionate admiration. From my soul I honor you for your conduct this day. If every woman would but act thus, there would be more honor among men."

With the kindest feelings the two women parted, and Augusta hurried after the pair who had driven home before her.

Instead of hating Estelle for the part she had played, Angelo sought to calm and comfort her, and in this effort he partially overcame the keenness of his own pangs. The better part of his nature was now working; he saw that he had met the very fate which he had deserved, and moreover, he was now satisfied, by his feelings regarding what had taken place, that his *affections* were with the maniac, rather than with the rich and beautiful bride. The sorrow which he felt at the condition of Estelle was such that he could not deceive himself into thinking that *pity* was all that moved his heart for her. He was mortified—deeply so—how could he help it?—at what had passed; but he was conscious of a secret joy that he was to be set free from the vows he had but just spoken. Did he think that he would then marry Estelle?

He *would* have done so, but it was not so to be. Estelle never recovered her reason. He had not intended this when he won her heart only to cast it from him; oh! no—not this; but this was what he did, and for all the rest of his life, whenever he entered the presence of her over whom his heart yearned more and more, with all the fervor and pain of remorseful love, he had the misery to hear her implore, as she clung to him with the desperate strength of insanity—

"Do not go away—do not forsake me; oh! take me with you, or let me die!"

Over and over again—for hundreds, perhaps thousands of times—did he soothe her with answers that he never, never meant to leave, or push her from him. It calmed her for the moment, but soon the cry would be repeated—the anguish renewed.

When forty years had gone Estelle was alone, a love-crazed old woman. Her guardians had left their wealth in the hands of those who bestowed every care and attention upon the unfortunate maniac, so that she was not friendless or poor. She lived until she was seventy-eight years old, a perpetual mourner, and when she died, it was with this last moan, "Let me go with you, Angelo; *do not forsake me.*"

A SERVANT'S "RIGHTS."

We were told at Philadelphia, a short time since, of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who, having engaged a farm-servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into the house, and into his master's room, with his hat on. "John," he said to him one day, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house." "Well, sir, haven't I a right to?" "Yes, I suppose you have." "Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn't I." This was a poser from one man to another, where all have equal rights. So, after a moment's reflection, he shrewdly asked, "Now, John, what'll you take—how much more wages will you ask—to take off your hat when you come in?" "Well, that requires consideration, I guess." "Take the thing into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning." The morrow comes. "Well, John, have you considered what additional wages you are to have for taking your hat off?" "Well, sir, I guess it's worth a dollar a month." "It's settled, then, John—you shall have another dollar a month;" and the gentleman retained a good servant, while John's hat was always in his hand when he entered the house.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

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THOU SHALT NOT COVET.

It is quite humiliating to confess how much hardship could covet his neighbor's house, and the landless man his neighbor's fields. We are all apt to think the richer the fields, the stronger the desire to have a share in them, and continual envying of the thought often convinces them, against their better reason, that it is a great pity for a man to be so much richer than another, and that he ought to come down to his neighbor's estate. It is forgot that the house has been reared at the neighbor's expense, and the land have been rendered from wilderness by the neighbor's toil, that to suffer the expense and toil is one's self.

Strange as it may seem, the most successful and intelligent society becomes apparently, the strong, for the disposition to break out into the most wanton and law, and set the contracts and rights of the past at nought. Nowhere are property and more active than in our own age; and though its charity and enterprise are acclaimed as the nobility of human pursuits, and worthy to be sought, they are honestly acquired, their accumulations are intelligently eyed by idleness and the landless man by which, subtle and little wise, would fain repudiate the very laws which permit the one and unreal a condition to which all intelligent labor opposes.

Labor is the true wealth of the world, and has the power to surround itself with comforts, and to gain independence; but it can never do as small, organized, it distributes its efforts slightly over all, and to the bounds and rights of individual property. It is no less natural for man than public for society, that such bounds and rights should be unalterably fixed. Without such provision, labor is deprived of one of its most powerful motives to hope of accumulation. It is not only a just, but the divine law, that toil shall reap and idleness want; and when, breaking against covetousness aright, labor combines to protect property, and teach idleness and craft that they must toil or starve, the task of the honest toiler, everywhere, will be lighter and more richly rewarded.

AN EXAMPLE.

Many people have an idea that sense at what they call "dirty work," as though all sense labor was not cleaner than many kid-glove employments in which long one-sweat through the world. Rather than over our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to clean carpets, or sweep chimneys, or black coats a day. We recently learned an instructive bit of history touching a fellow who is a mechanic, a stone-mason. No matter where he was born; he would be just as respectable if he were Turkman or an Icelander. He came to the city some eighteen years ago, young, healthy and hopeful. He could get no employment at his trade of stone-carrying, and he carried so well as to see cars was to define a day. He procured a cheap, but respectable board and lodging; spent none of his evenings in groggeries or low places of amusement, and on the sabbath; exhausted himself evenings; bid up money steadily, and within a year or two, like a mechanic, a stone-mason. He now owns his house, has elegant, his savings were sufficient to purchase a city lot and build a comfortable cottage, and can be found a good wife—that priceless saviour of man—and occupied, in place of working for wages. All who made his acquaintance knew him as a master workman. This is how a mechanic can set a pattern of a man. During the eighth year of his residence here, his labors and saddery called him to still more profitable employment. He became a partner in an established business concern. This day, in spite of "hard times," he is worth a hundred thousand dollars; has a lovely wife and three beautiful children, and a home that is the centre of a brilliant social and intellectual circle, and he is one of the most honored and happy of men as well as he is known. It is not "dirty work," if the work be useful and honest, that keeps men down in the world.

A WICKED PRACTICE.

The habitual carrying of concealed deadly weapons is as habitual a provocative of violence and murder. The practice indicates depraved intelligence and bad morals. Every man of decent and Christian aims will thus arm himself. It is a mean sort of assault, or defence, worthy only of barbarians and savage states of society. When we consider that the old Scripture, twenty-five centuries before the Christian era, cast by his side-arms as unfit for peaceful, well-ordering society, we must think him a more civilized and rational man than the Indian of two centuries—ay, less time ago than that, even—whom, who considered himself a true gentleman unless he carried a rapier at his side—and ten to one this vain regime transformed what might have been a gentleman into a quarrelsome "cut-and," or ruffian.

How rational that those who sling the pistol and knife under their robes should, in a discussion, be quarrel, "whip them out"—to turn the scale of combat. To the armed, every dispute is a provocation for the use of deadly weapons. In some of our cities, where this bad practice most prevails, thousands of personal quarrels end fatally, simply because the pistol and knife are always at hand. No alone is regarded as a man of metal, a courageous fellow, a real brave, who carries his weapon and is not afraid nor ashamed to use it. To say aloud he is most courageous who carries his go armed among his fellows, like some bandit, or assassin—she is afraid to shed blood save in the most desperate extremity, and then only in self-defence. Say what the world will, concealed weapons are a sign of moral cowardice. Pistol-shooting, rifle-shooting, duelling, or whatever other way of killing, in duels or in chance fights, is a miserable, unchristian, inhuman business.

It is but just now that a youth in our vicinity has been tried, and found guilty of manslaughter, for causing, or carrying the cause of, the death of a fellow youth—apparently the death of a man, and will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

FOOLISH.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," says the old proverb; wisely suggestive of the best we can command terms, but next wisest move is to take up with the best terms he can get. On the point of starvation, a man will eat what he loathes, and in any dainties of his stomach, but eat what he can lay hold on. We quote and suggest these remarks as the most impressive mode of getting at the common sense of a class whose common sense is often astonishingly obscure. We mean the day-laboring class. It is but recently, since panic times began, that we ventured an out-of-condor opinion that half-a'be blamed if he was going to submit to any evaluation of wages, and that he would work a half day, and he wasn't going to come down to six dollars.

This brazenlm in times when the demand for his labor is a conquering one, will do very well for a man, but it is very short-sighted and wilful when there is no demand—when enterprise is dead and labor is at a standstill. It seems to us that the most wisdom dictates the taking of the best wages a man can get, and subsisting comfortably on that, though the amount be reduced. And especially when the pressure has affected the provision and trade markets to such an extent, that half-a-dollar now will buy so much flour or calico as a dollar would have bought in better times. Why, at noon with anything of a family can only barely live on double those wages, but it is better to barely live on one's own industry than to starve on charity. We know of man out of employ who would be glad to accept that would give them prices and wages of twenty substances. And those are wise men, wherever the stickler for dollars prices and wages stands. And these latter are not a few.

Our advice has been, in a former article, that all the unemployed who can should leave the cities for the country, where the hospitality is greater, and the demand for labor more brisk. If a man has not one loaves or stays, let him—or her—have no quarrel with bread and butter and potatoes at times like Capital is depressed; and credit is used up, and no enterprise is going on, the unemployed must live beyond what is absolutely necessary. Thousands cannot get employment in cities at any price, and those who are offered the means of living in the country throw down fortunate. If all do the best they know and can, the storm will be weathered, and Providence is still over us, and it will permit no man to starve—unless he refuses to have the care served—even if it be more than we can bear.

THE RIGHT WAY.

One of our business merchants, caught in the vortex of the hard times, and threatened with the wreck of his fortune, came to the office of a friend of sitting down and nodding his thumbs, has set about retrenching his outgoes as well as his income. He began with his table. His son sold his palatial residence in Washington Place, and taken a small, snug house in a "cheaper part of the city." He has sold his horses and carriage, and employed a hack when he wanted to ride. He has cut off half her servant-help. Her daughters do their own work, and find it a pleasant change. In one way and another the family have retrenched at least three thousand dollars a year. The assets of this merchant are safe, and, with a little sacrifice, he must be worth a million over his debts when prosperity comes back. He will not be rich in this case, but he will be prepared for the worst, and therefore happy in the present. He has set his face to it. It is easier now than it would be then. His retrenchment alone would save him in ten years a snug little fortune. This is the way to meet the coming the storm—the honest way. Many others of this man's class are following his example, and which in the respect are more prevalent and economical than ever before. The chances are favorable for the "first families" to come down a peg. If they only think for a moment, they will remember that most of them began that way, and in that way, without mortgage or abundance of servants. It is a good opportunity to be reminded of our humble origins as well as of our humanities.

FANNY FERN.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

I was thinking to-day, how many young ladies who read the New York Ledger, ever ought a day of business to relieve the suffering poor. I do not find that you have contributed sums of money, when called upon for the relief of what I mean; that often requires little or no sacrifice. But I mean, that you have contributed boxes, and passed through narrow streets and alleys, up rickety one-way lined with neglected children, whose cradle-heritage is sorrow, to search out some poor woman, languishing for everything which you can spare, and for the comforts which I know, to see and hear nothing from which the sickened soul and sensitive do not turn disgusting away. But was life intended for a holiday? Is there nothing for the young and happy but to dance, and laugh, and sing? Does it matter nothing to that young heart, that within the very shade of its own home, and within a stone's throw within sound of your musical laughter, which God can never be deaf to, there is a living hell, where the fearless eye—doubting man, doubting God—to wrath and put down the death-cold sweat, where there is a mouse by which they might be put down. If society would but pass its ceilings and its unreasonable ban upon all who use or carry concealed weapons, they would soon be abandoned. It is the moral condemnation of the public that can extinguish this wicked practice.

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FANNY FERN.

BENJAMIN AND BENJAMINS.

One of the most touching of the merely human scenes recorded in the book of Genesis is the story of Rachel. It is full of instruction, withal.

Rachel was the favorite wife of Jacob. It was an object, at once, of joy and sorrow, for it was to be followed by the death of its mother, as the elderly has any like of. Rachel—the name means "ewe-lamb," meaning "the son of her sorrow"—to the father, Jacob, insisted on calling it Benjamin, which was meant to designate it as the "son of the right hand." The former was the sacred record are there: "She called his name Ben-oni; but his father called him Benjamin."

Here we have the same child, and or joyful the sanpiece of their birth, may be safely divided into two general classes, under these designations—the Benonis and the Benjamins, or the children of sorrow and the children of promise. Apart from the good or ill luck of birthright, it is in the power of every young person to make himself a Benjamin, or a Benoni, at will—joy and a comfort to his parents, his relatives, and all who come within his sphere, or a curse and a nuisance to the same. Their destiny is, to a great measure, in their own hands, for weal or woe.

It is difficult for an editor of a weekly paper to write a book. He is on in the habit of condensing matters, that he finds it so difficult to enlarge on an expression to half a column.—*The Day Book.*

And it is just as difficult for an author—a writer of books, to make a popular newspaper. There have been many papers killed in this city by authors, without business experience or practical knowledge in conducting public journals, than anybody has any idea of. Book-authors are very widely from newspaper-making as preaching from printing. A man may have an excellent reputation as a lawyer, but put him into the pulpit and he would probably make every body vote. Every man to his business.

THEY MUST BE WHIPPED!

We were sauntering over the farm with Job, who took an honest pride in showing us the broad acres of his old homestead.

"This place," said our sturdy old friend, wiping his brow with his red handkerchief, as we took shelter from the hot sun under the shade of an apple tree, "is the eastern boundary of the farm."

We were in an orchard facing the road, and up to our knees in red clover, whose delicious scent was a perfect treat with all the world. On our right, across a narrow field of golden wheat, was a farmhouse, behind which a troop of light-haired urchins were rollicking, with all the noise and order of merry-hearted childhood.

"That," said we, pointing to Job, "I suppose is the dwelling of your farmer, in speaking of the plantation, calls it 'the' farm. It was in all the world, or is the prevailing idea that there are many only a myth?"

"Some of your nonsense!" retorted Job, pushing up his hat broad-brim to the edge of his hair, to give his forehead a share of the passing breeze. "I believe there be just one farm. The one all going on, for instance—the hundred acres—the you see. The small orphans, who, when they arrive of age, will not have the first rod."

"Is it possible?" we answered, trying that we understood him, he confided the word. Our friend likewise, and then, to speak in the language of Young America, in his opinion, with force, and sometimes unusual significance, to a remark. But it cannot be observed that Job never called his the aid of such expressions except when indignant. He was a very kind man by day and by night, and showed him to be at this moment.

We looked at him for an explanation.

"Their mother," said Job, "died while the youngest, now almost five years old, was yet in the cradle. The husband has followed two years after by her husband, who all his life a blunderer, died without a will. His brother, by law the administrator of the estate, and the guardian of the orphans, then entered upon the property, and—"

"And he whipped!" shrieked, at this moment, a virago voice from the farm-house.

"Yes, Mrs. Job," calmly observed Job, to parenthesis. "She has that sentence put upon her tongue twenty times a day."

"And they are willingly ventured.

"The husband has learned to obey her, I believe," he went on, "but not to do justice of the fact. "He is doing it now!" added Job, as the sound of a child undergoing flagellation came to us on the breeze.

"One of her own children?" we inquired.

Job looked at us with an anguish No.! and intimated that she never received a stroke. "The husband's children," continued Job, "are beaten by the virago. "The malicious, talking gabblers!" he exclaimed, excited by strong blood.

"Why is she so severe upon the orphans?" we asked.

"For a very great deal of trouble!" returned Job, imitating the virago's voice, by which we understood that he was repeating her stereotyped remarks to all visitors.

"Is that the only reason?"

"No. I have reason to hate when we I. jure," said Job, with a glance that was full of meaning. "And I would not say a word against Mr. or Mrs. Gump, for they are very respectable people in their neighborhood, as both also, but I think in putting his forefinger on his nose, and looking at us intelligently, "there is good country society's members of the church, and all that; leaders—mind stood."

He nodded with a smile which informed him that we understood, also.

"That is not always a very respectable people," continued Job, in a patriotic voice, "my respect for the Gumps should, emphatically, with a quick gesture of his thumb over his left shoulder. "Can the orphans' two dollars a week each for board, and keep them on the lowings of their own young ones; seventy-five dollars a year each for clothing, and have the benefit-cloth of their own children?"

"Is that true?" said we, indignantly.

"Clear!" returned Job, his substitute for 'hush.' "Not so loud. These are things which everybody knows, which nobody can govern. But as for the people in our house, and those in the other on the road, I will tell you," continued Job, solemnly and meaningly nodding his head, "they *believe* in!"

Certainly a good actor was lost to the stage when Job turned agriculturist.

"*He must be whipped!*" came to us again from the farm-house.

"Wouldn't one suppose that the woman loved to whip?" said Job. "Any one would think she cut on the cow's back!" "He must be whipped!" "Mo! Bill is gittin' on my sympathy!" "He must be whipped!" "I will not be whipped!" Job's hands sank lower, and Bill is riskin' him!" "They will be whipped!" "Bill Sam has won my mashes, and won't give 'em back to me!" "He must be whipped!" Job's hands sank lower still, and falling back again into his own voice. "Were it not that the little fellows are hardened by their constant punishment, I think," said Job, "they would have been a decent man but for his wife. Poor little fellows, I should have been proud of one this, to put him in the hands of Justice!"

Job's hands sank lower still, and he began his arms, which had instinctively doubled up into fists.

"If," continued Job, "he puts an old rail in the fence, and it stands against the sun as it ought, every old nail he drives, every crooked windowsash he puts square over each lot from the old school-book which his own children have already left behind them, and his bed and bear injured against, the orphans, who, when they come of age will be fortunate if they do not find their bedding half-rotten, and their feet in debt seven hundred dollars and odd cents to their guardian."

"Then" said we warmly—"I decided the woman at the farm-house once more.

"Then," said Job, as we turned in disgust out of hearing of her voice, "*they must!* What shall we have they, poor, friendless creatures! to be oppressed, and have no one to care, or care to help them? What right have they, in this great and wealthy country, to be whipped, starved, murdered, and to be next added, when of age, upon a helpless world, to work their way as best they can, with their oppressed sellers on a galvanized plan, driven hither and yonder by the roaring surge, and the cold and storm-tone of a selfish world? Is passing in the sun, and giving significance to his words by an expressive gesture, "I say unto you that for all wrongers of the widow and defenders of the orphan there is a day coming; a day—a day—"

The knavery of covetous men is as indisputable as an axiom, and ought to be supposed as a postulate in business. They are false by a necessity of principle, and want nothing but an occasion to show it. Conscience and covetousness are never in accordance; like fire and water, they always destroy each other, according to which predominates.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PUBLISHED EXTENSIVELY FOR THE COMING YEAR.

Science has a vast advantage over art in respect to progress. The cultivator of science may always look forward, whereas, in art, the rage for novelty one century is apt to be succeeded by a passion for imitation in the next, superseded by something new, which, of course, is succeeding inferior. Were Watteau, Angelo, and Raphael to rise from the dead, they would find that the principles of anatomy, architecture, and painting; but, could Lavinia and Jack appear on the stage, they would be amazed at our advances in exactitudes and general science.

Thrift is a utilitarian and economical way of foundering manners, which was well illustrated by two gentlemen, when George's monument of George the Fourth was first exhibited. "What a lot of penny pieces all this must have cost!" said one. "Ah, sure," said the other, "and it's not worth a penny piece!" "Oh, never mind, Jack," said his companion, pointing as this figure, "it will cost a deal less to keep than it does to keep the live one."

It is said that there are but three sorts of animals that eat tobacco—the science-worm, the rank goat, and man. The latter three are certainly gentlemen that eat it when at and they are very young, but they afterwards reject it, and the science-worm is grim worse by age than before. It is said that the grasshopper contained a whole crop of tobacco in the time of its youth, but when it arrived at maturity, lay down without leaving a single leaf.

Some prodigal-grass seem to consider the boys, that they could gather their harvest, as he made corn, which must be left to ripen and wither on the stalk, and not be gathered in the green state. They think that boys, like spinsters, are to be reared on "corn in the blade." Not so with the wise man. He knows that a boy will feed, and, when we attempt to impel youngsters by a similar process we are apt to find that we have them out of the field.

A lad thing put into the mouth has been known to make a great deal of noise by any thing behind it, and swallowed one that was not fresh. "Scrouts, waiter! it be a-crawlin' down my throat!" "Can't help it, sir; you must call that!" "A snake, sir," replied the waiter of the hotel, "and you can't help it, sir; you must call it; you can say more."

A schoolmaster is a dealer in boys and knots; often an accidental tyrant, who first makes his victims an object of contempt, and then of hatred. He is the author of the being miserable. Caligut a little jackass on many as you can, and you will succeed in the end in making him worse a greater jackass.

"Why would you comb, after having engrossed the attention of a company for hours time with himself and his many accomplishments, "why would you comb?" "Because I could never go out without catching cold in his head. "Do you mean to say you can't go out without a hat?"

A man is a sort of dumb nobleman which gets through a great deal of work in a very short time. Generally speaking, however, a real nobleman is not one of the most active members of Society.—*Sheridan's Dictionary.*

We are often asked why it is that so many married women of genius are unhappy in their domestic relations. The answer is obvious. Genius is not domestic wisely. What could be expected from the mating of this bird with a barnyard fowl?

"Wednesday I go," said a gentleman breakfast table to his wife, "to Boston." "Indeed!" said she, "and how soon from my own time." "Two weeks," said the person who was addressed, "if I can get back sooner I will." "Then any wages, leave a bit last so for me."

Many of the inhabitants of certain islands set to allow a young man to get married till he can a hundred cocoa-nuts. Many a man in this city would wish it to be married till he can get a hundred cocoa-nuts.

Where we are told what extraordinary facility politicians have in changing sides, we are also told so as that they might very appropriately publish such a notice: "Lost, a pair of eyes of no use to the owner." *Lost eyes are not allowed to stand upon the platform.*

The Indians of the western plains, and of the western States, urging his own pretensions to office, boasts that he has been for twenty years the owner of a farm, and that his company should be well boxed.

"Mr. Speaker," said a native would seem to be growing weary, for it was never before so hard to get *round* there. "Why, sir," said the member, "I am not aware that I ever before kept the gentlemen *at so great a distance.*

We have a friend who is very much troubled by congregations. He is quite old enough to know a wife, but his affections are somewhat of late years growing so that he cannot marry a great widow.

Some people cannot too scrupulously avoid bad habits. It is sometimes nearly as difficult for a youth to break off from a bad habit, as from having a fever, or getting on the shirt of Nessus, to change his linen.

Many people are fond of the sea in summer, but we know a great many who throw overboard a portion of their property in the winter, and in a similar way of disposition at every port they touch at in the voyage of life.

Mr. Barnum's museum has been an extraordinary number of persons have recently, like the money-market, gone into liquidation.

A hypochondriac writer says that "nothing is best adapted by temperament for the writer of a romance" would seem to be a refutation of that plausible theory.

A woman lately died on the Missouri river "from desire of rivers." That price certainly has a tremendous rise.

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it to any one else. It is the only thing you know there is any connected, a half discovered.

Scandal is what one-half the world takes great pleasure in telling about the other half, and the other half is very much obliged to them.

Satire is a glass in which the beholder is sure to see everybody's face except his own.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Some weeks past two cows, affected with malignant cattle disease, were driven from a herd in Central Illinois, and the man was sold. Persons who ate it were not ill, but the cattle became very ill, and many died. A man named with the blood, died within forty-eight hours, and the second day after his death his wife died. Several members of two other persons who had assisted in cutting up the animal have died, and the disease is still spreading in the process gangrene.

Mr. Bienville, of Mobile, met his death on board the steamer Cit. City, in a singular and fateful manner. He was sitting on the guard, with his feet on the stay, with the passengers and hands for the Quaker City. The steamer was passing the wharf, when the stay broke, and Mr. Bienville was thrown off, by some accident, fell over the upon which the crank was working, and was crushed to death between the wheel and the wharf.

The news of the capture of Delhi by the British troops arrived in London the same day with that of the surrender of Metz. The Delhi mutiny commenced on the same day of the month with the latter was culminated in surrender—a most lucky omen for the Germans, as they will be sure to believe.

A German bear was killed in California, a short time since, which weighed over eighteen hundred and sixty-eight pounds. He was as large as a good-sized ox, and had been for years the terror of the country round. He was finally tracked so long with one stroke of his paw.

The city section of Chicago has been arrested for robbing the dead. Several men are being the corpses from the graves, and selling the corpses to physicians. Several of the men have been arrested in connection by the authorities, and are now in prison.

A man named Knudson, employed in a paper mill at Ulica, N. Y., was caught in the machinery of the mill since, and had a hole knocked entirely through his head, and his brains were scattered around.

A large emigration of working girls from this city to the Western States has been encouraged by the managers of corporate institutions.

It is reported that Fort has burned United States troops, on their way to Utah, have been slaughtered by the Indians.

A Mr. Stockwell, a worthy farmer of Clarke county, Indiana, has blessed a cow more on account of the wayward conduct of a favorite daughter.

It is now pretty certain that we shall have no "bread riots" in New York this winter.

JENNIE AND I

BY ALICE CARY.

We rise before the lark,
And keep walking all day,
And by anything so fair as the feathers of the wren;
We never sail and row,
And we never go in bath,
And that's the way my Jennie and I get along.

Her lodge, nor anywhere
Have they ever set a snare,
Nor do they care to eat of anything we;
No lady's maid or groom have we to find or lose
And with hands as my lions,
And no prying eyes to see,
We can say things within us, or kiss if we choose.

You ought sketch a bishop's sleeve
You can make it for a song,
And counting each measure, I am free to declare
That a "real little sleeve"
Would have cost me the price of all,
Yet, and my dresses have enough and to spare.

From the trembling tongues of trees,
Through the joyous grassy seas,
In the green, glistening corn-lands, and beside th' rainy meadows,
In the flowery springside grove,
And the fallen summer tree,
We have always sweeter poems than poets write in books.

When beside our breasting down,
And closeness the sun,
Weighs down, in the sky, as the love and the high,
We have still our cries and moans,
Our sighs, deep and warm,
And so we mildly sleep o' nights, my Jennie and I.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, by Street & Smith.

Grant for the Northern District of New York.

CHAPTER XX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—A PREPARATION.

It was very near dark when the Patriot party reached Fort, which they did without meeting any more Indians. The body of Arthur Colton was taken up and brought along, it being determined that it should have Christian burial. Our hero's first command upon entering within the fortifications was to seek his father, whom he found with Colonel Willett. The meeting was a joyful one, and even the stout, rugged sufferer shed tears under the influence of the deep love and gratitude he now manifested.

Philip next sought Isabel Carlton. She had heard of his arrival, and was alone in one of the small apartments of the large dwelling. She started forward with a low murmur of thanks as the youth entered, and he had scarcely got in the room ere she bowed her head upon his bosom, for her heart was full, and she would hide the tears from those she knew she could not control. The impulse came upon the young Patriot—he could not withstand it—but with a gentle movement of restraint he soon shook the fair form, and then pressed it fondly to his wildly throbbing heart.

"Isabel," he murmured in trembling, trembling accents, "God has been very kind to us! Oh! may we not hope——"

He hesitated, and might have spoken no more had not the maiden gazed up into his face with an expression so full of tender love and devotion that there could be no mistaking it. It was a prayerful look, too, and seemed to implore him to speak on.

"Oh! why were we thus parted?" he resumed, tenderly but eagerly. "May we not hope that the ills that came when our duty and our happiness can be united?"

Again the maiden raised her swimming eyes, and while a cloud of prayerful earnest pressed lip up from the rich, dark orbs, she whispered——

"God grant me if I am in the wrong!"

"Isabel, you are not! I am in the wrong!" cried Philip, with sudden energy. "God never gave to the pure heart a deep, constant, lingering wish was in that a sin. It is impossible."

"So I say," Isabel responded, wiping the tears from her fair cheeks, and throwing back the rich brown locks from her full brow. "The soul cannot cling to that which is beautiful and virtuous, nor can the sincere heart pledge an affection for one who is tainted and unworthy. Philip, by my brother now, for as such shall I trust thee with all my heart!"

The youth took both the noble girl's hands within his own, and, while a holy light beamed upon his face, he said——

"I understand thee, Isabel. I will be thy brother; and, I know, you will believe me when I say, that my sister has my whole heart, with all its warm, devoted love!"

As he spoke he bent his head, and an eager, vitalful look dwelt upon his features. It was a seeking smile turned to prayer. Isabel did not misunderstand. An electric spark conveyed that prayer to her understanding, and, with an answering smile grew to life upon her own face, she raised her lips and it was warm, soulful kiss she pressed upon the pure, unselfish love of the brother and sister.

They had known but little, but they understood each other now as well as they could in words, and they spent hours in telling their thoughts and feelings. After many hours had gone by, tea then had been before, though there was still a terrible possibility of evil and of agony before them.

At the request of his father, Philip submitted himself to the care of the surgeon, who found the wound upon his hand somewhat inflamed, but slightly inflamed. This was the only local ailment, but there was debility of a painful kind. The youth refused, feeble sympathies were apparent. But the old surgeon was competent, and his cares were commenced in season. The position which the red huckleberries had applied had been almost fatal—a loss in its effect, for the wound had been a bad one, and yet that one application had removed nearly all the poison, and nature was all freely save what had resulted from exposure since the possible had been removed.

The suppurated portions of the wound were punctured, and the pus all removed, and then the whole was cleansed and a healing salve applied. On the following morning the patient felt quite strong and well, save a dull pain in the head; but at the earnest advice of the kind surgeon, he remained quiet, Isabel spending a good portion of the day with him.

On the second day of his doctoring, Philip was better still, but at the request of his friends he remained quiet. And then passed four days, during which he had only walked about the fort, and eaten very light food.

"There," said the surgeon, as he gazed into our hero's face with a satisfied smile, "you are well now. But, had you been left to your own will, you would have been well three days ago, and sick abed now. However, you have obeyed me promptly, and I now assure you that you have escaped a severe fever, which would have asserted its powers in twelve hours from the time I first advised you, had you not been able to grapple with it in its infancy. But, as I said before, you are well now, and you may go at once and see the commander-in-chief."

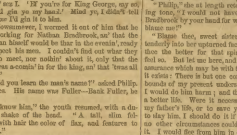
"What! Does Colonel Willett wish to see me?" asked the youth, eagerly.

"Yes. He has been very eager that I should have you ready as soon as possible. I would not let you know it, for I knew it would make you nervous, and, in all probability, it would have rendered you very disobedient. However, you had better go now."

Without further remark, Philip hastened away to the commandant's quarters, and had the good fortune to find him in and alone, there being only an orderly standing near the door. Willett arose in great, the young man, and an expression of thankful satisfaction overspread his face as he saw how well the visitor looked.

"The surgeon said you would like to see me, sir," the youth remarked, after he had become seated.

"Yes. He has been very eager that I should have you ready as soon as possible. I would not



JOCKO ASSISTING PHILIP LANCET IN HIS INDIAN DRESS.

go and call John Winters. He sang the scout entered. He was a small, wiry man, with a keen, black eye, and very muscular for one of his size. The colonel introduced him to Philip, and then invited him to be seated.

Mr. Winters, we should like to hear how you gained your information concerning Bradbrook," said the commandant.

"Oh—I got it straight enough, no mistake about that," returned the hunter, for a hunter he had been.—"Down to the Flats I went one o' his men—a lean, frog-eatin' lookin' customer—who pulled the wool over the eyes of all such as could be made to believe the King of England was a bigger man nor George Washington. I fell in with him, an' kind o' bonded for the cussed old king a bit. At last he opens one eye, an' sez he, 'Mebbe you're cute!' 'Cut?' sez I; 'that's one!' 'Why,' sez he, 'I mean, p'raps, you're one on us?' 'I'm half-a-dozen, an' one to spare, whar I taker a notion,' sez I. 'If you're for King George, my wife an' I'll gin ye my hand.' Mind ye, I didn't tell him for I'll gin it to him.

"Howsumever, I worried it out of him that he was working for Nathan Bradbrook, and the old man himself would be due in the evenin', ready to inspect his men. I couldn't find out what they was to meet, nor nothin' about it, only that the men was a-comin' in for the king, an' that 'twas all right.

"Did you learn the man's name?" asked Philip, with a look of interest on his face.—"Bradbrook, you said."

"I know him," the youth resumed, with a dubious shake of the head. "A tall, slim fellow, with hair the color of flax, and features to match."

"Yes—only allowin' for a little sallower on the skin," suggested Winters. "But that's the man."

"If he was there, and at work, that is enough," Philip resumed. "He is one of Nathan Bradbrook's right hand men, and is given a villain as is his employer. But do you know where he has been at work?"

"Well, all around the lot—up an' down the river, from the Flats to the Lake, I reckon."

"Did he say whether others were at work?"

"No. He was shy of me. Yo see I wouldn't promise all he wanted—I couldn't make up my mouth to do it—so he was stingy of his information; and when he found out I wouldn't join him, he stopped right short off."

Nothing more could be gained of the scout, and he was dismissed.

"Now, what say you?" asked the colonel, after Winters had gone. "What do you think of it?"

"I'll tell you," replied Philip, promptly, "if you'll furnish me men to capture the Tories. Will lead them on to the work."

"But how many will you want with you at first?"

"Oh—ere. I shall take only my trusty black. I shall find out the rendezvous of the serpents, and then come for help."

"And be sure you shall have it, Philip," said the colonel, gratefully. "You may make your own arrangements, and leave your own men, too, than may start as soon as you please."

"I shall start at once; and while I am getting ready, I want you to write me a pass. Write it to pass the Mohawk chief, Kanadandogea, in both safety, and request him still consider me a friend, and which we saw them open on that occasion. force. Be careful and make it explicit."

"But are you in earnest?" asked Willett, gazing into the young man's face in surprise and doubt.

"Most surely I am."

"But Kanadandogea is one of the most bitter and blood-thirsty savages we have."

"Never mind. I assure you, upon my honor, that such a pass will be of vast benefit to all concerned. The young chieftain is not what he was. He has been changed wonderously."

"Really, Philip——"

"But, my dear colonel, my word you hesitate? Do not suppose that my early is the work to give me——"

"Stop. You shall have it. Go and make your preparations, and when you return the pass shall be ready."

"And mind that you keep the fact to yourself," the youth said.

"Yes. Fear not."

With this Philip went away; and having found Jocko, he gave him instructions to prepare for a journey. "We shall meet Kanadandogea on the trail," he said.

"Ill-yak-yak!" uttered the negro, with a leap

"Ayes; I should have been pleased if the old man could have sent you to me eighteen-forty hours earlier. But never mind. This will answer very well. Nathan Bradbrook and his sons are at work, and I am assured that they have already collected many men about Fort Dayton, and so on the Flats."

"Ha!" cried Philip, with a buoyant look beamed upon his face; "it is it!"

"So I have been informed by one of my scouts."

"Is the man in the fort now?"

"Yes. I have him. *Orderly!*"

The soldier, who had retired upon our hero's entrance, now returned, and the colonel bade him

left into the deep wood, first crossing a piece of low meadow, the atmosphere of which was full and miasmatic from the putrefying carcasses of cattle that had been slain by the scourging Tories. The negro followed a narrow, winding path for a short distance, and then discounted and led his horse through some thick brushwood where it would have been impossible to have ridden. Of course Philip followed his example, though he could not work through the tangled mass so easily as his spe'kin servant did. Yet he got through, and soon found himself upon the edge of a small brook. Into this they led their animals, and then followed the shrunk stream up a distance of many rods.

When Jocko stopped it was by a small but belt of logs and boughs, and so hidden beneath the protecting arms of giant trees, and the network of vines and creeping bushes, that no man could find it, save those who knew its locality. Who erected it, or for what purpose it was done, no one knew. A negro, belonging to the man who had owned the farm over which the two had just passed, had found it about a year before, and had kept it to himself until the coming of the Tories and Indians upon his master's family; and then he made his escape with two of the children to this place. He could do this, for he had built up the strange retreat on the occasion of the latter's return from Morristown, and having given him the benefit of the knowledge he—the—former's—servant—had taken to his children and made his way down the river towards Albany.

Philip was deeply interested by the peculiarities of the place, and was much delighted, too, because of the late rains having poured any entrance, and the negro had defied the search of the vindictive. Not only was it shut in from the sight of any one who might be half-a-dozen yards distant, but such was the nature of the tangled wildwood that each round it that no path had been made to it, nor was there even a trail which could be discovered.

"What's man's 'chik oh dis?" asked Jocko, with a look of pride.

"I think it is a rosy place, Jocko. Surely no one could ever find us here."

"Ill-yak-yak, mars'. An' sind yo, yon an' I is de only two 'at knows anyting 'bout um. Nobody kin find 'em 'way, 'cept 'em 'at knows 'bout 'em. But you hain't heer'd all yet. 'Taint only half a mile, 'tis 'cross 'nother here, to de Flats. Only a few rods 'tis straight ahead in a good path 'tis on to de settlement."

Philip found that he could not be far from the Flats, but he did not think he was so near. But then, for the most part, the trail was strange to Here Jocko could quarter; and here he himself would be in case of need.

"An' now," resumed Jocko, "jis' you come wid me a little way, an' I show you a grave."

The youth then followed his attendant out through a difficult way, and at the distance of some forty rods from the spot he came to a grave. The ground had been recently removed, and bore the appearance of a grave.

"Dat, mars'e, is wher I buried de Mohawk chief, Kanadandogea. I had a misty tuh buy ou't, now, I tell yo. Some o' de Injun 'ligion 'bout 'em 'at I know how de redskin did bare an' scratch. I'ch you send my old bear sarn all bloody when I come home."

"Yes," returned Philip, now deeply interested; for, though he had been told that the dead was dear, yet he knew not the particulars, Jocko having refused to explain them, until he should see and see where he had the fight.

"Yes, mars'e, I'll tell yo it war did. To see I first see de redskin chief 'way up de timber, de odder side de Flats. He war alone, an' comin' down war. He war a comin' to see some ob de Tories dis way. Do mind I sot my eyes on him I wonder at how he look so like yon, mars'. Why—he look like all de world so much like yon dat only de color ob de skin war 'tween 'em. He war 'bout de same height—jis' your bigness—jis' your walk—jis' your eyes—no—jis' you in de energy ob de body way 'cept de skin. He war called the bandaccount Injun ob de Mohawk nashun; an' I 'ink he war. An' don't know if you could tell de Mohawk tongue jis' like a native. When all dese things pass fro' my mind my 'termination war tuk rise ob. I followed his trail, for he got ahead ob me, an' reached his hem. He war on his way to help 'im rekin' Tories somehow; I know'd he war de worst enemy de Patriots hab say way—worn war Hessi, 'cause he more savage. When I come up wid him I dropped rite onto him, an' we had it for a spell, no mistake. But I find him arter a while, an' when I'd stripped him I made a hole an' put his body dar, so' fooled his chi'n an' weapons to keep."

"I remember him very well," said Philip; "and I know how very nearly he resembled me in form and feature. The wise ones of his own people know that there is white blood in his veins. His mother stopped with Sir William Johnson some time, and it is not to be wondered at that she was corrupted. Kanadandogea, unlike most half-breeds, kept the full darkness of his people, and gained the true ideas and features of his race. I do not suppose there were ever any twins who looked more alike in the latter respect than did the young chieftain and myself."

"Dat's so, for sartin," responded Jocko. "An' now," he added, taking the mystic beads upon his knee, "we must go at work if you wants to be amongst 'em to-night."

Philip assented to this, and Jocko proceeded to undo the bundle. First he took out a finely finished tomahawk, and next an elaborately wrought belt of wampum, to which was attached a tomhawk sheath with a large scalping-knife in it. Then came a sort of slave of wampum and eagle's feathers; next a skirt of fine blue cloth, richly trimmed and ornamented with gold and silver lace; then a sort of vest of red cloth, to be worn under the shirt; then a pair of rich purple drawers; and so on, until the whole of the Mohawk's wardrobe was laid out.

After this Jocko produced a large plaid, in which was a fine powder, of a brownish color, and having brought a vessel of water from the brook, he soon produced a dye which would give to the skin the color of the Indian. Philip submitted to the application of the fluid, and then Long Jocko lugged up and clapped his hands for joy.

"Ill-yak-yak! By de holy wall ob Jerusalem! My eyes, mars'e, but Miss Bell, if nother know yo! De berry maider dat bore de Mohawk Kanadandogea would hug yo, an' like yo, an' swar ve war her own son!"

Philip knew that Jocko would not say this if he did not think so; and he furthermore knew that his companion had no good a judgment and he knew an observation as any man he had ever seen.

As soon as the dye was set in its color our hero proceeded to don the garments of the dead chief-tain. They fitted him to a nicety, and he could see that they were far from unbecoming. They showed off his fine, muscular frame to good advantage, and the rich and elegant ornament was not unattractive.

Jocko gazed into his master's face a while, and then he walked slowly around him, and surveyed him with a look of joy that all were right. He circuit, and had taken another long look at the now dusky features, he brought his hands together in a sort of ecstasy of admiration, and, as far as to match, he uttered——

"Tish me, mars'e. Yon is Injun, mars'e, an' no mistake. I wanted to sayjumsh'n, but it can't be 'spressed. Yon is Injun, mars'e, an' nobody else is dis world! Dat am a fac'!"

At all events, Philip was so well satisfied with his appearance that he felt sure of the perfect efficacy. So it was arranged that this should be his disguise, and nothing was left to be done but to himself in readiness to obey any call, though he was to hang about his master when the latter was in positions of danger.

Our hero hung his heavy tomahawk to its bed-room, and having seen that all was right he left he followed Jocko from the hut. The guide gained the trail, and took the same way he had come, until here he kept straight on to the eastward, and in a few minutes more they were upon the edge of the clearing, and the tops of the buildings could be seen in the distance.

"Now, Jocko, you need go no further. I will be at this point some time between midnight and morning, for I must be ready for fear that I should I can find the way to here easily enough, though I might miss the path in the dark and storm."

"I'll be here, mars'e. Now you be kverful, won't ye? Mind yer tongue; hold yer head straight; ye walk like a Injun, an' ye look like one. Ye can do it—ye've been mimin' over a week—been off to see some of ye people, I reckon."

"I understand," responded the youth, with a smile; and then he turned and left the woeful hut toward the village and started on.

Surely no mortal eye could have detected the youth as he left the hut. The dye had stained every form had all the grace of the untrammeled son of the forest, and the long, straight hair which Jocko had dressed from the dead chief's head and combed into a part of his own, was a perfect picture of deception. And then the war-paint, the original figure of which the workman had copied from the face of the dead chief, added to the dress and belt which might possibly have been left after the slaughter of the new-slain chief.

The "village" to which we have alluded was no more than a collection of rude and mud-and-stone buildings all within the space of half-a-mile square, but then it was in the midst of quite a populous region, and could boast of a large number of these log habitants. Philip had brought his glen long-cloak, or rather one which he had borrowed from an officer of the fort; and in addition to this he had a rifle and a pair of pistols, which were loaded and stowed away out of sight. The sun was just sinking behind the trees when he and Jocko emerged from the forest, and the former knew that the time he reached the settlement. He waited in a small thicket until night had come on, and then, until night had fairly set in, and then, drawing the cloak around him, he boldly entered the settlement, the whole body, and pinning the hat upon his head, he started on again.

As we have already learned from the scout, at the fact, that one of the chief Tories of this place was the Mohawk chief, Kanadandogea. This man was the store-keeper, and quite an important personage in the village. Upon him, also, Philip's most first to call. He found the store, and saw that it was open; and having gained a favorable position from which to reconnoitre the premises, but as they lounged outside of the counter the youth easily recollected that he had seen one was of them. The only person behind the bar was a man whom our hero knew well. They knew Morgan by sight, having traded at the store several times a year or two before; and as this boy recognized him, the young Patriot supposed him to be one of the keeper. He might have tried to get a view of the face of the man behind the counter, but nearly back to him, but their positions were entirely changed that they were only visitors, so the adventurer knew that they were seated, while he stood the store on one end.

There was a fight in one of the front rooms, and Philip was sure he heard a man's voice. He looked at the door, and his summons was answered by a female domestic.

"Is Mr. Magoon in?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't think he is;" returned the girl, hesitatingly, and with some tremor, for Philip had not forgotten the Indian blood.

"But one think he is," persisted the caller. "Go

tell him a friend from the North wants speak to him."

The girl disappeared, and ere long a man, with a candle in his hand, made his appearance, and carefully approached the door. Philip could see that he carried a pistol in his hand.

"Who are you, sir?" the host asked.

"A friend to him who is a friend to me," returned the visitor, who had recognized the man before him as Mr. Magoon.

"And what sent you here?"

"To learn how goes the work on."

"You are not an Oneida spy?"

"Spy? No a spy? But we have been spy. Are—are you the Rebel pale-face at Fort Schuyler?"

The host hesitated a few moments, and then bade the visitor follow him. He turned as he spoke, and Philip entered and closed the front door in a hind him, and then followed on. Magoon led the way to a rear apartment—from up stairs—then around back to the front of the house, and entered a room directly over the one in which the youth had seen the light. There was a lamp burning here, but the wooden shutters were closed, so that no ray of light could find egress.

The disguised Patriot started when he entered the chamber, but his sudden emotion was not perceptible. He saw, directly before him, Nathan *Bradford and Guy!*—and a third visitor, also, whom he recognized as Sir John Johnson!

For a few moments there was a scene of dread hurling about the youth's head. He knew his disguise was deep, but then it had not yet been tried, and he first ordeal must be under the eyes of the two men whom, of all the earth, he had most cause to fear. But the emotion was quickly gone. He had put on the harness, and he would not now back down. He forgot that he was a white man, and felt only that he was a Mohawk warrior.

"Ah—who is this?" cried the elder Bradbrook, starting to his feet.

"He says he is a friend," returned Magoon.

"Who are you?" the old Tory demanded, turning to the new-comer.

The youth threw off the hat, and let the cloak fall from his shoulders, and as the lamp-light was revealed to the long-light Nathan Bradbrook sprang forward and caught him by the hand.

"Ka-nan-da-ra-ka-ra!" he exclaimed. "Why—Where on earth have you been? We had given you up for dead. But—but—how have you been?"

"Kanadandagea?" echoed the host.

"Kanadandagea!" returned Guy.

The Indian shook hands all around, and then took a seat.

Now, chief-do tell us know where you have been?" the elder Bradbrook urged.

"It would be a long story to tell," the youth returned, whose acquaintance with Kanadandagea enabled him to imitate him very closely, for most of the time I spent around the fort above here. I picked off three of their scouts, and gathered some information."

"But why did you venture so long alone, and so near the enemy?"

"Ugh! Me no afraid! Me want information. My brother's son was killed, and I waited three days and three nights for his murderer. My brother was coming, and my scalping-knife-dyes. I was the onon-fah way to be in the near-sight, but I found not the white murderer."

"And what information did you gain?"

"Good! The Rebels are on the wrong trail. They know you are at work—that Kanadandagea at work—raising men for the king; but they think the work is doing in the South, and they will send their soldiers there."

"That is good," cried Nathan Bradbrook. "But," he added, in a more subdued tone, "have you heard anything of Big Mountain Ash and his party?"

"I met them—let me see—it was the night I left the house north-west of the fort, and they had with them a young white man—Philip—Philip—a—something was his other name."

"Lansey," said Nathan.

"Ev-ans. He forget. They had him. He had just run away."

"Run away?" cried the old Tory, in alarm.

"Run away!" gasped the young Tory, clinching his fist.

"O—they had got him again. He slipped off his horse in the night, and run a little way."

"Well—what was the result? Tell us to with him then."

"Why—he told me he was to have much gold for getting the white youth under the ground?"

"Ah—ye—yes. And did he say who had offered him the money?"

"He said no."

"He did! He told you! Told you the man's name?"

"Yes. He said it was——"

"Ah—h—never mind now who it was. It is of no consequence."

"But," said the disguised youth, patronizingly, "you should be not at all ashamed of that. Why ash-ham your duty. If I should tell the red man is true, to put such a young snake of a Rebel out of the way——"

"Well," resumed the old reprobate, overcoming his perturbation by a strong effort, "it is out now, and can't be helped. But Philip Lansey is a dangerous rebel in the way of our holy cause. With his own hand he slew the elder brother of the Big Ash, and also another relative of that chief. But this is not all. He has been the means of so much evil that he would have the lives of myself and my son if he had to wade through a sea of even Indian's blood to do the deed. I must have him dead, would. And more still: He came at night and stole away our scalp—and I believe he would wreak his vengeance upon her! Do you wonder that, when I found that the child was living, I vowed to have him put out of the way?"

"My soul, no!" gasped Magoon, shuddering.

"Then you should think you would have run him through yourself the moment you saw him?" exclaimed Nathan Bradbrook, reproachfully.

"So I should, only I could not bear the thought of having the blood of so near a relation upon me. I counseled upon my brother! But do you think he was killed?"

"I will tell you what I heard: Big Mountain Ash said he was going direct to a grist by the shore of the lake, to get his meal ready for him."

"Then he must be gone safe enough under the earth by this time," they beautifully expressed Magoon.

"But come. It is near nine o'clock," interposed the host. "We must be off."

"Ah—ye," replied Nathan Bradbrook. "And you must go with us, Kanadandagea."

"Where is it?" the latter asked.

"A small log of our new friends. Come—I will show you a place which I think even an Indian could not find without assistance."

"I should like to see such a place; but I should like to see new friends to our good cause better. I would give my belt of wampum to see a thousand of them to-night."

"That's the true spirit," responded Nathan, approvingly. "But we can't show you quite that number, though you shall see a part of them. Come."

And, in a few moments more, Philip Lansey, with the two blindfolded warriors in hot in the world, —one at each elbow, while Magoon led the way—was in the darkness, and on the road, unconsciously to behold a stranger place, full of new-made Tories.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO NIGHTS WITH THE TORIES.

After a tedious walk of over an hour, the party had been led by Mr. Magoon to the foot of a small ledge, or cliff, about which grew a few stunted trees, and having passed in behind a huge boulder, which stood well separate from the general mass, the guide stepped, and drew a small whistle from his pocket. Upon this he blew a sharp, shrill call, which very nearly reconciled the chirp of a bird. It was not very loud, but with an agreeable tone, and with peculiar modulations. In a few seconds a like sound seemed to issue from the rock. Then Magoon blew again, this time giving three distinct pipes, and ending with a prolonged trill.

After this all was still for a few moments, and then a man made his appearance with a small lantern in his hand. He came out from behind a tree, not from the rock; but when Philip arrived at the place, he found the desert in the face of the rock—a dense tree, with its branches spread, and in fact to a point where an abrupt closing of the ledge shut it entirely up. But the man with the lantern did not think of making his way through solid rock. He gave a few words to the guide, and the man of three ran up and covered the face of the wall, and having pulled them away, he passed to the left, followed by the others, and then came Philip's turn. The man who went in ahead of him was hidden from view, and he could not see how he had to do was to clamber into a wide, some three feet in diameter, which had been excavated quite evenly. The earth-mass must have been carried away in the night at the distance of a few feet, and presently our hero found himself within a cavern large enough to hold five hundred men with ease. The form was arched, and about the floor the air did not feel a current of fresh air, yet he could not detect the slightest odor of dampness or mould.

There were forty-four men present when Philip entered, counting the man who had led them in as one. They all seemed to be engaged in some kind of teacher, some upon short blocks sawed from logs, while others had their seats upon the rough, rocky lumps of rock. There were six lanterns lighted, so that every part of the cave was in view, and give light enough to enable Philip to distinguish the features of those present; yet several of them came towards him as he entered, and were quite familiarly by the Indian name he had assumed. He knew them all, and they were Tories, Rebels, and it all passed off well.

Only a few more words were had entered, making in all sixty, not including Philip. The guards were set—one at the large boulder before mentioned, and one at the entrance to the cave, at the narrow entrance within the cave. Mr. Bank and Nathan Bradbrook then went with a lantern to examine every one present. The result of the examination was satisfactory, and the meeting was proceeded with.

Nathan Bradbrook informed three assembled that every one who did his duty faithfully would not only stand a good chance of being promoted to the rank of officer, but would be sure of a noble position when the war was over. He even went so far as to say that, after the close of active service, there would be a pension settled upon them sufficient to support them for the rest of their days.

The old wretch further informed them that there were two more companies of men in the rivers—one only twelve miles down, and the other nearly twenty. They were ready for service when and the army in a week or two.

Various speeches were made, and much business done, the chief result of all which was, that arms and ammunition should be in the cave on the second night from that present, and that from two to four should be together. Nathan Bradbrook and Guy passed out first, and after them the two disguised Patriot and Magoon, Fuller taking the liberty of following immediately after.

Philip was in a dilemma. He must see Jocko some way, and yet he knew of no excuse he could make for being absent from the cave another of the Big Ash, and also another relative of that chief. But this is not all. He knew that there was no earth that he would have the lives of myself and my son if he had to wade through a sea of even Indian's blood to do the deed. I must have him dead, would. And more still: He came at night and stole away our scalp—and I believe he would wreak his vengeance upon her! Do you wonder that, when I found that the child was living, I vowed to have him put out of the way?"

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After this all was still for a few moments, and then a man made his appearance with a small lantern in his hand. He came out from behind a tree, not from the rock; but when Philip arrived at the place, he found the desert in the face of the rock—a dense tree, with its branches spread, and in fact to a point where an abrupt closing of the ledge shut it entirely up. But the man with the lantern did not think of making his way through solid rock. He gave a few words to the guide, and the man of three ran up and covered the face of the wall, and having pulled them away, he passed to the left, followed by the others, and then came Philip's turn. The man who went in ahead of him was hidden from view, and he could not see how he had to do was to clamber into a hole some three feet in diameter, which had been excavated quite evenly. The earth-mass must have been carried away in the night at the distance of a few feet, and presently our hero found himself within a cavern large enough to hold five hundred men with ease. The form was arched, and about the floor the air did not feel a current of fresh air, yet he could not detect the slightest odor of dampness or mould.

There were forty-four men present when Philip entered, counting the man who had led them in as one. They all seemed to be engaged in some kind of teacher, some upon short blocks sawed from logs, while others had their seats upon the rough, rocky lumps of rock. There were six lanterns lighted, so that every part of the cave was in view, and give light enough to enable Philip to distinguish the features of those present; yet several of them came towards him as he entered, and were quite familiarly by the Indian name he had assumed. He knew them all, and they were Tories, Rebels, and it all passed off well.

Only a few more words were had entered, making in all sixty, not including Philip. The guards were set—one at the large boulder before mentioned, and one at the entrance to the cave, at the narrow entrance within the cave. Mr. Bank and Nathan Bradbrook then went with a lantern to examine every one present. The result of the examination was satisfactory, and the meeting was proceeded with.

Nathan Bradbrook informed three assembled that every one who did his duty faithfully would not only stand a good chance of being promoted to the rank of officer, but would be sure of a noble position when the war was over. He even went so far as to say that, after the close of active service, there would be a pension settled upon them sufficient to support them for the rest of their days.

The old wretch further informed them that there were two more companies of men in the rivers—one only twelve miles down, and the other nearly twenty. They were ready for service when and the army in a week or two.

Various speeches were made, and much business done, the chief result of all which was, that arms and ammunition should be in the cave on the second night from that present, and that from two to four should be together. Nathan Bradbrook and Guy passed out first, and after them the two disguised Patriot and Magoon, Fuller taking the liberty of following immediately after.

Philip was in a dilemma. He must see Jocko some way, and yet he knew of no excuse he could make for being absent from the cave another of the Big Ash, and also another relative of that chief. But this is not all. He knew that there was no earth that he would have the lives of myself and my son if he had to wade through a sea of even Indian's blood to do the deed. I must have him dead, would. And more still: He came at night and stole away our scalp—and I believe he would wreak his vengeance upon her! Do you wonder that, when I found that the child was living, I vowed to have him put out of the way?"

"My soul, no!" gasped Magoon, shuddering.

"Then you should think you would have run him through yourself the moment you saw him?" exclaimed Nathan Bradbrook, reproachfully.

"So I should, only I could not bear the thought of having the blood of so near a relation upon me. I counseled upon my brother! But do you think he was killed?"

"I will tell you what I heard: Big Mountain Ash said he was going direct to a grist by the shore of the lake, to get his meal ready for him."

"Then he must be gone safe enough under the earth by this time," they beautifully expressed Magoon.

"But come. It is near nine o'clock," interposed the host." We must be off."

"Ah—ye," replied Nathan Bradbrook. "And you must go with us, Kanadandagea."

"Where is it?" the latter asked.

"A small log of our new friends. Come—I will show you a place which I think even an Indian could not find without assistance."

"I should like to see such a place; but I should like to see new friends to our good cause better. I would give my belt of wampum to see a thousand of them to-night."

"That's the true spirit," responded Nathan, approvingly. "But we can't show you quite that number, though you shall see a part of them. Come."

"We want some cider, good sir," answered Nathan.

"*Cider?—Sir?* Cider at this time, and sir to a woman!"

"But neither so old as the place where you will find it," replied Guy.

"Right!"

"Good!"

After this quaint system of challenging had been gone through with, the woman, who proved to be the landlady, and at best a personage, called Master Sam Dowlter, turned back into the cot, and the two men followed. Philip was the last up to the shed—thence to the barn, and through this to the back in the rear. All along upon the door of this back grew a tall, rank weed, and at a point where they were the thickest, the boy stopped and pulled them away. Among them he found a trap-door, three feet square, which was covered with grass, and could not have been detected, even upon close examination, by one ignorant of its whereabouts. This was a passage opened which led to an underground chamber some thirty feet square by nine or ten deep. The present proprietor, who was a rank Tory, had dug out the place of the original proprietor two years before. He found that he was near the house, and thinking it would be cheaper to dig one into the sand-bank, and wall it with logs than to dig under the building, he did so. He never had fairly contemplated it, the thought occurred to him that it might come handy at some time, to secure such a place for refuge, in the event of his family so secrecy, and worked on. The result was that he had a large underground cellar, and he now had it in his power to accommodate the servants of the king with a safe place of secret retreat.

"We are pretty well supplied with unfinishable provisions, Master Sam," the landlady said, after the dusky companion had grazed around upon the stout logs of the cellar to his complete satisfaction.

"Yes—surly," replied the chief; "Very good—very good, indeed. You can't be afraid here."

"Not at all," returned the landlady. Rebels finding us. We'll astonish 'em before a great while. We've got the very finest troops in the Mohawk Valley, and your people shall have plunder enough."

The red man expressed a due amount of gratitude, and just then Sam Dowlter entered and announced that every man of the party had safely passed his post. So the guards were set, and the landlady retired once more.

There were seventy-nine men present besides the chief. Most of them were from the Flats and other farmers, and stout, able men. Mr. Dowlter took the "chair," which, in this instance, bore a close resemblance to a large, flat rock, and the work went forward.

Nathan Bradbrook informed the assembly of the success of their labors ten miles above, and also that there was a force of about a hundred at many Indians as they could raise of white men. This was not exactly so the Red Eagle had made his boasts, but could only get about fifty, and helped to raise the chief in the estimation of those present.

The great ease of the talking done was upon the subject of the Righteous King, the "Mother Country" the "Bloody," "Rascally," "Villainous," and "Renegade Rebels," etc. But the result of the conference was, that the party should meet at that place on Monday evening, then and there to receive their arms and accoutrements, after which the meeting was broken up, and the members dispersed, full of love for the King," and filled with hatred of the "Villainous Rebels," who had dared oppose the form of government into a system of petty sovereignties, which would war upon each other continually.

Half an hour later Philip was on his way back to Mr. Magoon's, in company with Nathan Bradbrook and his son, which place he reached at one o'clock in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY CLARA STURNY.

"Oh! for the love of God, Mr. Dennis, give me something to do or I shall die of hunger, just as sure as you live."

These words were spoken by a desolate-looking woman, a girl of about twenty years of age, who had just entered the shop of a kind-hearted but poor tailor.

The good little gentleman looked compassionately upon the girl, and although he could ill afford it, thought he would try and make her some work useful to him, he promised to give her employment.

"But the first thing you must do," said he, compassionately to the counter, and taking the child of the poor girl kindly in his, "is to come into the breakfast-room and let my wife give you some food."

"Oh! thank you, sir," replied the girl; her eyes glistening with those of a half-starved child that has suddenly found a home. She gladly went into Mr. Dennis' comfortable family room.

Leaving her to the care of his wife the tailor returned to his shop, where he had left a customer waiting, and the waste of time was one which were in a way of being relieved. Some men would have thought it a reverend absurdity, but Mr. Dennis' lost nothing by his eager kindness. The customer, who had witnessed it received him from that hour all his patronage, and as much more as he could influence, should belong to Mr. Dennis, and he made his retribution when the time for it arrived, and, with a slight excuse for not sooner attending to customers, said:

"But I know you will excuse me when I inform you that the girl is in almost a starving condition. I had her sister did anybody service to death, last week; and that her father cut his own throat in a fit of intoxication, caused by poverty and also his inability to obtain employment."

"Why," he enough to bring down the curse of God on our entire population," he said, quietly.

"But tell me more of this poor girl!" he asked.

"I have not learned by her that her father, mother and sister and herself came over from England about three years ago. They were unfortunate from their first arrival, for in less than a small store of money was taken from them; and sickness set in so that all that was left soon disappeared. The mother managed in one way and another to keep along; and by-and-by the girls got able to help a little. Then the father's health returned; and, although they always seemed unlucky about obtaining employment, yet until three hard times set in they were enabled to keep themselves above actual want. Then as the pinch began, one thing after another was sold until there was not a bed, or a bed-blanket left in the house. Every means of obtaining employment had been vainly tried; and when the landlord of the place where they lived sent them word that unless they could pay their rent on the morrow, they must 'march,' that part of the father broke; and when the light of the next morning streamed in at the windows of his comfortless home, he was found lying in his own blood, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The razor with which he had done the desperate deed was still clenched in his hand; and his eyes were wide open, but dimmed by death. So far, poor Lizzie was the eldest daughter of hunger and cold; and but for the late kindness of neighbors, the mother and little girl would soon have followed. This, sir, is one story, and but one, of those which we city folks are too often obliged to hear."

The gentleman who was addressed now turned to the girl that had just made her appearance.

"Should you like to live with your brother, to a home in the country?" said he.

"Oh! yes, sir—very much; my poor mother longs to be away from this dreadful city. But how can we get?"

"I will take you home with me, if your mother will allow my wife to keep you to help her do her work. I will give you your wages, and will bond your mother, free of cost, until she can find something to do for her own support."

Tears of joy sprang to the eyes of the poor girl.

"May I go and tell my mother about it, sir?"

"Yes," said the gentleman; "and if she will get her bring you and meet me here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I will take you myself, and all ready for a start. Here is something to help you get ready."

The girl—her name was Jane—looked, in blank amazement, first at the stranger, then at the gift he held out to her. Still it only been given before her father and her sister died it had saved their lives. Her mother was ill, and in want now—how impossible to obtain it this. These thoughts moved her to tears, and she sank on a seat as the good stranger speechlessly at her benefactor.

"How long, Jane; you are smoke, child; if that's what you would know," said Mr. Dennis, cheerfully.

She was delighted at the turn affairs had taken.

Jane, now bursting into a flood of passionate tears, caught hold of her friends' finger to her lips, and then rushed out to the street.

She need not stop to paint the mingled joy and anguish, the sorrow and regret, that toned the bosom of that faint and hungry mother, when she received her daughter's gift—joy and thanksgiving for the help which was now sent from heaven—regret and regret at the time too late to save those other precious lives. The next morning they were early at the appointed place, and while there were shifting away towards a quiet Connecticut village, where such poverty as they had known was unknown, and where none of the imagination of the inhabitants. There they found a comfortable home, and plenty of employment—there also they found friends; and Time, that unfailing healer of the wounds of sorrow, lessened in their former woe, that they could hardly realize that they had really experienced it all.

Jane, in due course of time, was married a steady and worthy farmer; and the hosts of her brother was married from the same home. She had taught an infant school, to her daughter's pleasant cottage, and there the evening of the widow's days closed peacefully down.

Oh! ye whose full coffers are still overflowing; whose hearts are not yet chilled by selfishness; to the world to which prospers and prosper are going, despise that ye need not live for the "I" and "Me."

PREVALENT OPINIONS AMONG THE DUTCH.

The Dutch believe that teething is the direct result with the angels.

Reading over the cradle when the babe is not in it, is considered injurious to the infant, and a prognostic of its speedy death.

To kill a sheep the following you is the sign of good luck.

A child settling on a house is a harbinger of happiness. To kill such a bird would be sacrilege.

If you see a dog howling at the moon, you may before its disappearance will be fulfilled.

A person born with a caul is considered fortunate.

Four-leaved clover keeps luck to the person who finds it among it.

A cricket singing

THE DEAD YEAR.

BY GEORGE H. PRENTICE

Here I will set and muse. The midnight skies
Are weeping silent tears, as if they grieved
For the old year, and the pale stars look sad
And mournful, as if living, sorrowing hearts
Were throbbing in their breasts. In vain; the wind!
The faint gust is wailing now. The flowers,
The birds, the waves, the streams, the meadow
Are hushed, as if they felt the year was dying.
Still he continues moan. The cold wind sweeps
Far him in their far journeyings: the ground
Still owns wish to whisper tenderness
Forever to him in its ceaseless dark.
Beneath the heavens; the bright and burning stars,
With their high sense of their immortality,
May speak but scorn to their inferior sorrow;
Along their flaming paths; the comets wail
Why not may be the bubble-glories they seem
Through restless of ancient night; but none of these
Can comprehend the year. It is to me
As all the existences of time. Years past,
And centuries, are, and there will come a day
When this eternal angel of the seasons,
Standing on land and sea, will, till his hand
And sweep wind that was, shall be no more.

LAURA'S SON.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

BY MARY W. STANLEY OSBORN.

CHAPTER I.

We had a light supper that night, a little year ago,
A little year ago,
The wildest silence sky-shadowy vale,
Where the blood-red roses grow.

A flower, or flower, should be there
To plack the royal flower—
Alas! was the lily from her breast,
Alack her only flower.

In my profession I am a bachelor, and I dwell, Laura L'Estrange. She was the daughter of the one rich man of my native village, and as far as married from me in social position as she was distant from the earth, for I was only a farmer's boy. But I lavished my first fond fancy upon her, and she knew it.

Many a time, as I sat in the village church, while the bright sunshine of a June morning was pouring in through the open windows, and the birds sky glancing overhead, have I looked at her, shy, timid, and humbly, in her father's pew, and thought the sky not half so blue or beautiful as her eyes. Many a time have I admired her tall, graceful form, and the lightness of her step, as she came out upon the porch,—and she, seeing that I did admire them, with a dimple of thrilling interest and be expressed in words, has let me help her into her father's carriage—has placed her small, gloved hand in mine, and wiped me with a look that was a bewildering smile. And once—once, when we were alone, and I dared to gather the irregular beauty of her complexion, the deep, violet-blue of her eyes, and the pity blushes of her cheeks and hair—she listened in silence,—nay, even when, blinded by hopeless passion, I pressed them soft, weary forms passionately to my lips, she did not reprove me. She only blushed deeply, and was silent. But she was a girl then.

She knew how I loved her; and I must think, in spite of all that has taken place, she was not wholly indifferent to me in those days. But they soon changed. Others besides myself discovered that she was beautiful. They also remembered, what I had always tried to forget, that she was the heiress of her father's vast wealth. And one day—a man—more haughty and handsome than I had ever seen before—was said to be her accepted suitor. I saw them once together in the village church. It was the Sunday previous to the departure for London, and a gay party filled the two great rows belonging to "The Mote." Among them all I was but her common friend, for ever, but seeing my eager glances no more. The violet eyes were never lifted, save to rest steadily on the face of the gentleman who sat by her side. It was evident to me that he loved her, and that she was blushed—the colour of your own eyes, John."

"Of course," said the latter, with a laugh, "what I had always tried to forget, that she was the heiress of her father's vast wealth. And one day—a man—more haughty and handsome than I had ever seen before—was said to be her accepted suitor. I saw them once together in the village church. It was the Sunday previous to the departure for London, and a gay party filled the two great rows belonging to "The Mote." Among them all I was but her common friend, for ever, but seeing my eager glances no more. The violet eyes were never lifted, save to rest steadily on the face of the gentleman who sat by her side. It was evident to me that he loved her, and that she was—

"Was what?" asked Mr. Lacy, as I paused.

"Is this your child?"

"Mine! Lacy, what do you mean?"

I spoke sternly, and moved away from my side. With all those doubts and suspicions giving me such a bitter heartache, what right had I to inflict a still deeper wound?

"Forgive me!" she whispered, as she saw her agony I was. "I did not mean it. Forget that I ever said it. But I know that you will, for you must have all day. It seemed so strange that the child should be left here, with such a message; and then you started so just now, when I said you were blue—the colour of your own eyes, John."

"Blue—the colour of other eyes besides, that will never look on you or me, Lucy," I answered, briefly.

I left my seat and paced slowly up and down the room. I was well convinced that it was the child of Laura L'Estrange. I was equally convinced that—and the discovery of her deep unworldliness pained me to the very soul.

"John, do forget what I said just now," said my wife, who was looking at me uneasily. "I never saw you look so unhappy before. And I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

"So am I, Lucy. I will forget what you said. I was not thinking of it even then."

I went to the window, and bent her face down over the child. I came and sat beside her, and took her hand.

"Lucy, I think I can solve the riddle that has puzzled you. In my boyhood I loved a lady—do not start, or, dear wife—not a short one. In social position, in wealth, and birth, and beauty—and everything else. How I dared to love her, or to let her, I do not know—but I did do it—and that she was quite unmindful of my devotion this last act of hers has satisfied me."

"It is her child?"

"I believe it to be."

She put it from her breast, and let it lie quietly on her lap. I went on.

"She never loved me, Lucy. She loved another—a man of her own rank in life, and handsome and haughty as a lord. Their love grew to be married when I first sight of her. For six years I have not heard from her, but I can well account that this infant is hers."

"And its father—"

"I believe to be Bernard Alwynne, who was her lover then."

My wife's face flushed deeply.

"But if they are married, why do they send the child here?"

"They are not married."

I got the paper, over which I had been musing the night before, and read to her about Captain Bernard Alwynne and Lady Anchester I could only sigh and shake my head. That they had loved was madly and passionately—I well knew; but what had separated, and caused this mockery, was only known to themselves and God.

During the next day they were continually in my thoughts. Some evil spirit of it—like to do not the end of the story—you have to hear," were the words that seemed ringing ceaselessly in my ears. Wearied and harassed, more with these thoughts than with my day's labor, I returned home in the evening. A slight, drizzling rain had falling, and the night air was chill and raw; but as I alighted from my gig, and gave the reins to my office-boy, I saw the bright light of lamp and fire in our pleasant sitting-room, and felt a glow at my heart that not all the storms in creation could quench. It was a happy thought—to think my wife was waiting for me there. I unfastened the front door, and went in very softly.

We had been married for three years, and in all that time had known only one sorrow—we had no children. Judge, then, what my surprise must have been, on hearing, from the passage, the cry of an infant, and the voice of my wife hushing it to slumber!

For a moment I thought it was my dreaming. I pushed open the door of the sitting-room swiftly, and looked in. You—three the sea, with her face turned away from the door, and bent down toward something in her arms, with a look I had never seen before even in her fondest moments. Her whole attitude was one of deep, tender, and half soothed, by a little child, apparently some three years old.

What could it all mean? Whose child was this? And where had she learned that phase of maternal love she lavished upon it?

I stepped forward into the room. At sight of me a deep color broke into her face, and she looked startled and anxious. But the next moment she smiled her own happy smile, and made a place for me upon the sofa beside her.

"Hush, John. Make no noise. He is just dropping asleep."

I sat down beside her, quietly enough, though I was burning with curiosity. How strange she looked with a baby in her arms!

It slept at last. And looking up from its pretty face, she gave me leave to speak.

"In the name of wonder, Lucy, what does all this mean? Whose child is this?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"But how came it here?"

"John, you had not been gone an hour this morning before the lady who brought the child to my boy at the moment, but ran so quickly it as soon as I could. Nobody was there, but on the doorstep was a basket. I took it in—I did. It was embroidered cover, and found this little child, sleeping quietly in it, as much in the dark, as you."

"Where is the basket?"

"Right behind you, in the corner."

I drew it out, and examined it closely. It was made of wicker work, lined with silk, and very rich and quilted. An embroidered blanket of the finest cambric covered the child, and a fine lace purse, filled with gold, lay at the other. Attached to this was a piece of paper, bearing these words in pencil:

"The boy's name is Maurice. He is three years old. As you deal with the child so may God deal with you. A curse on the State of England will rest upon the man who receives. For the sake of the early days he loved to be loved."

I looked up. My wife's mild eyes were fixed upon my face with a glance of perplexity which I did not understand, and which I resented.

I leaned forward and looked at the boy. He was a fair-faced, small-featured child, with long curls of jet black hair, and well defined brows of the same colour. Handsome, certainly—but resembling me strangely of some one I had seen, I could not tell when or where.

"Is he his own dark hair?" I asked.

"No, they are blue!"

"Blue?"

The colour flashed to my face in an instant. I knew, only too well, who had those eyes, and that hair, and, most of all, that face!

"John!"

My wife held her hand upon my arm, and looked up at me sadly.

"Well."

"Will you answer me one question—truly?"

"Of course."

"Is this your child?"

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CHAPTER II.

A few frail summers had touched that
As they touch the fresh
Yet as bright as thy hair the sunshine,
Ere it crosses at my window bar;
Hushed the voice—there the hair—it is true!
Are we always to be haunted by
Nothing else, save the tears in our eyes,
And our children, mirrors of memory?

Never to see her again—never to look upon her face, to hear her voice, to speak one word to her how I may long for a look or a word! God! will be done—not mine!"

Such were the thoughts with which I dismissed the image of Laura from my heart, six years before. I had left the intervening few I had only remembered her as one, sweeping from sleep, bright and beautiful, to the altar, and that thick veil, drawn open of old wounds in a most painful process—more painful, if such a thing be possible, than they had been at first. And then, in the midst of these, such mournful thoughts of certain loss and estrangement, there came a light into the room—bright and good, and the changes that have taken place—that their love itself would seem far preferable to such recollections.

But it was with me. My Lucy was very dear to me, and would not have tempted me to gain her. But when the boy—the child of Laura and Bernard! She was beautiful—she was good! I met me—when those unclouded blue eyes were raised to mine with a look of confidence that no others I had kissed in youth, came sweeping against my heart, in the form of a most powerful love—when my head upon that bosom with weight and care to tears in my eyes. Laura was not forgotten—all that was sad, and sorrowful, and melancholy—none than the beloved one; for the trust and confidence of the child were sacred, and I felt myself bound to them.

With this single exception, I believe we were a happy family. The little Maurice was the light of the house, and as I grew accustomed to his face and ways, I began to see in him a beauty of my own. Such an expression may be used. In the two years that passed over his head, he had grown from the guilty mother. Now and then a plain, dark-grown expression would flash through the street where we resided, and a veiled figure looked earnestly out at the house. I said nothing to my wife about it, but I knew Laura was near me. I knew—but I took the boy to the window, that she might see him, and he play with, and grow to learn

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

1492-by 1.33, 1492.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A year of days. Three hundred sixty five;
And fifty times the rolling seasons bring
The earth around its annual round of change
Since years ago, upon the ocean wave
His mighty Mate had charg'd my gray to guide,
A soldier from his home, a pilot now!
What?

A red comet!—a storm below cloud!
A whirling mountain-surge!—a monster-whale,
Like a huge, moving island!

No. What then?
From blanch'd hands the pond'rous task falls, when power
Like Gideon's self-constructed rule,
Each trunk of strength, each limb of grace and scoff,
And thrown of weight man. Standeth his stands,
With caution on the deck.

See!—Behold!
The object of his visions—of his prayers—
For which the Inquisitor's throne he braved,
And plank'd from misery he brandish'd shield:
There is his purpose—that dimness of vision!
Those sharp, green ridges of the Salvator.

What strong emotion nerve's him, as he raised
Creation's veil, and his reckless faith
The Pyrex Incognita, as a bride,
For his old, worn-out world upon open.

Beautiful, in History grace this hour's day
Keep as her scroll, and when the Future Month,
Tenth of the children of the fruitful year,
Inform's occasion day, shall recognize
Its twelfth unfolding morn—oh, Western World!
Time, the keenest, as the sweetest of days!
A strain of music—All my mountains say
Abandon, and thy torrents clash the sound,
That every vale and thicket learn its tone,
And through all nights of time, remember him.
Hartford, Oct. 12th, 1857.

THE BORDER HEROINE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the small Black Little Rock to the southern borders was carried on horseback, there lived, a few miles above Hamilton, a stout pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife Polly, and one child—a girl—only three years old—made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and his success in it never failed to supply his board and furnish something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off, so he was troubled little with prying visitors.

It was in early spring that Jacob started down this river with a boat-load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and he left with her, too, a right rifle and a brace of pistols. She knew how to use this rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband was away upon the shoulder and crotch,—"Nobby done, Polly, my dear! I could not have made a better shot myself." And he often had occasion to say this, not with truth, too.

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days when, towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a man, apparently, of about forty years of age, and seemed inured to all sorts of hardship. As he sprung from his saddle Polly made her appearance.

"Ah, Polly,—our name here,—the new-comer said, as he drew a pair of well-filled saddle-bags from the back of his beast.

"You and I'm glad to see you, Morton. Jacob has been gone four days, and the time is growing heavy."

"Jacob gone! Where?"

"Down river with a load of furs."

"Oh—ah—yes. When do you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night, at least; so for the next twelve hours you'll be safe."

"Oh—I feel safe enough," returned the woman, quickly; "only lonesome."

"Well—then for this evening you shn't be lonesome."

Then speaking Morton threw his saddle and saddle-bags into the cabin, and then led his horse around to the shed where he tethered the animal fast and fed him. After this he returned to the dwelling and entered, and seated himself after eating the evening meal at the time over an ample supper. His horse had been fed, and he had transplanted in her neighborhood since his last visit, and her visitor gave her the news from the eastern valley.

Lant Morton had been the worst character upon that route for several years, and not once had he passed to or fro without spending a night at the hunter's wigwam. In fact, he was about the only regular visitor at the hunter's cabin, and during the little interval between his visits were long, yet he seemed almost a fixture of the place. Polly Burnap—still in the bloom of young womanhood—knew his every errand, noble character, so she felt free and at home in his presence.

"These are heavy bags for this route," said the carrier, as he put away his pipe and prepared to rise from his seat; "and he added, in an under tone, "they contain some valuable letters—some fat ones—go long to the fort."

"Is it known on the route that your load is so valuable?" asked Polly.

"I think not—though it may be. Still, I am well armed, and I fancy 'twould be a tough job for any one to tackle old Lant."

"A man was robbed on the creek a few days since."

"And the robbers have fled," added Morton, carelessly, as he drew his saddle-bags near him.

There were three apartments in the lower cabin—the main room, where the family lived—then a small pantry and provision room in one corner, and a bed-room in the corner opposite. Beneath was a dug cellar, where the provisions were kept in the summer, and where they could be kept equally well in winter, for there was no entrance to the latter place the cull-carrier slept. He had dragged his bags up after him, and seeming to leave no precious charge beyond his reach.

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired and sleepy from his hard ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking with her guest, so when she had seen him safely at rest, in the loft, she drew her basket to the little table where the cabin was, and set to work upon some clothing for her child, who was soundly sleeping in the bed-room in the corner.

The old German clock was being upon the wall, with its great weights and winding-strings all exposed, and struck ten. Polly rose from her work. She had just pulled her basket beneath the table, and taken up the needle, when the front door was opened, and two men entered. They were in their stockings, their shoes having been left outside.

"—h!" uttered the foremost of the intruders. "Speak but one word above a whisper, and you die on the instant!"

Polly recovered from her quick terror, and gazed up. She saw two stout, wicked, ugly-looking men, one of whom held a cocked pistol towards her. With a quickness of perception, natural to her, she knew that the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace, as that would make more noise than she could make. And further—she recognized in the foremost man a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Gallus. She had never seen him before, but the minute description her husband had given her of the man, led her at once to know him—and positively, had it been all, but, after all, the malefarce of his sharp gray eye, the changing of his countenance, and the very lack of language, told more than a thousand words could have done.

After due deliberation, it was decided that the

valuable load be carried, and recent to carry it in his stead. In short, she not only knew the character of the held ruffians, but she knew their business, and she was resolved to thwart to her were proof positive.

"Now mind, no hollering eating. Show us where he is at once," roughly replied Gallus in answer to her call.

"But I can call him, good sirs," resumed the woman, calmly, though there was alarm in her soul.

"Call him! Call ——" growled the villain, with a fierce oath. "He can hear, and you are called to another world quick! Show us the way!"

The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beast did not betray the thought of that woman's soul, nor did it look left her message. She was pale, but she did not tremble.

"This way, then," she whispered.

And so she spoke, she turned towards a door which was situated directly between the door of the little bed-room and the pantry. She did not open it until both men were close behind her.

"Don't you have any breaths?" she asked.

"Yes," returned both villains. And they did keep a breathing, but less of the child close at hand.

As they thus answered her she threw the door wide open—it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. As they did so, Polly closed back. Gallus was upon the threshold, and his companion close upon his heels. With all her power she pushed against him herself against the rear man, and on the next moment both men were thrown headlong down the last incubation.

This had been the door opening to the deep excavation, and the only means of egress was by a perpendicular ladder. Could this have been moved, Polly would have left it there for the night, but it was spiked to its place, and she must let it remain. So soon as the two men were safe she had so ready means of fastening it. So she did what she had to do. Having thrown the door she sprang to the fire-place, and caught her trusty rifle from its bracket, and having cocked it, she turned towards the door. Then came the first curses of the villains as they searched for the ladder. Polly knew that one was there, for she had driven it in.

"Back!" she cried, as she saw a head appear above the threshold. The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but it was sufficient.

She saw the robber raise a pistol. There was no time to hesitate. She could not aim. She had a husband—a child—and she had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts strong in her mind, she drew the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and the robber was a dying guest in the cellar bottom.

After the second robber could show himself, Morton came rushing into the room with a pistol in each hand.

"What is it?" he cried.

"There! There!" gasped Polly, pointing to the open door-way, where a dark object appeared. She had just presented itself.

The carrier saw that his long enough used to danger not to waste time in conjecture when a moment may be life or death. He sprung to the door-way and quick as thought he covered the mark and fired.

"Are there any more?" he asked, cocking his second pistol.

"No. I shot one." And as Polly Burnap thus spoke, she sank into a chair, and leaned her head upon the table.

"What! You hurt?" the carrier exclaimed, springing to her side.

"No—no!" the faintly replied. "Only weak. I shall be better in a little while. Look to the villains."

"How many were there?"

"Only two. I know I killed one."

"And I can swear I killed the other," added Morton, as he took up the candle and approached the open door.

He listened, but he could hear no sound. Then, with his pistol still in his hand, he carefully descended the ladder. At the bottom he stopped upon a human body, and having found an easier standing-place, he held down the light, and gazed around. He saw two men—both dead—both shot through the heart—and from he came up.

"Polly—noble Polly!" he cried, "you have rid the world of two of the most desperate and cold-blooded scoundrels that ever infested any country."

"Do you know them?" she asked, reviving.

"Aye—well. Dick Gallus and Red Harmon?"

"Was that other Red Harmon?"

"Yes—the murderer of Pearson and Nathans."

"Oh! I am glad they were robbers. But then I knew they were—I knew it—or I should not have fired. I knew they meant to rob and murder you, and——"

"And so you meant to save me," remarked the carrier, as Polly hesitated.

"Yes—yes—I did. You—that was it."

And as soon as the noble woman was sufficiently recovered, she told the whole story. Morton examined both to thanks at her herself; but, after all, the malefarce of his sharp gray eye, the changing of his countenance, and the very lack of language, told more than a thousand words could have done.

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CARLE.—YOU are mistaken. The Britons have never been "*conquered*" (fiery portal of their history. Their valor has always been great, and they have ever been unconquerable. The inhabitants have been many times overpowered; it is true, but the Britons are not always overcome by force of arms. The Romans overcame them by superior skill and discipline, and the Saxons, Danes, Normans, Picts and Scots, Saxons, the Danes and the Normans, with half their energy brought, but the intolerable intolerance persisted in their opinion and struggles, until their persistence spirit and they value fused the various races into a common nationality, whose force of resistance has been and is impregnable. Its laws are known and honored in all lands.

BERET.—The last letter dated from your studies until shall have completely recovered from the weakness of your eyes. A little carelessness now may lose you years of penalty, and besides, a hasty play-pad will do you no harm. Boys who are naturally studious, and are therefore of intellectual habits should be carefully watched over by their brothers.

GRACE GREENWOOD.—A subscriber writes: "*Dr. Greene's* sermons having withdrawn for the Lenox Library, I have been, as we said in the country, much from the want of them. Have you rather not take the trouble of giving, across the bank in one's own name."

E. H. L.—Precisely, indeed, and we thank you for your kind remembrance of the Union. Should you see any of the Union, should you see any of the Lenox. You will understand that

FOOTNOTE.—We have no space for an essay on the subject of punctuation, or upon that of written language. We will say, however, in answer to the question, that written language is not so perfect as written language. It is colored at random; its sentences are not so well weighed; its periods are not so accurately measured. As words are to well as thought. A writer has time to think and to collect his thoughts, a speaker has not. Whatever power, therefore, there may be in spoken language, there is less accuracy than in written language. And what is true of the language is true of the sentiments; the facts, the investigations of the Court de Lavenais, whose force of resistance has been and is impregnable. Its laws are known and honored in all lands.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CHILD.—If you want to know the use of fads, or else how heard from, you must be more explicit in rule. She does not know the use of fads, or else how heard from, you must be more explicit in rule. She does not know the use of them very well, but such fads as she found it did what she had to do. She exercises her muscles a little longer sooner than we can afford to give. In fact, it ought to be given to every person to learn. Each and every one of you are the first leaders of the picture of humanity. You learned lessons in the same order. Can you not do the same? Well, then, when a painter finishes his pictures, he finishes them with a varnish that not only makes the colors brighter, but helps to relieve the rest, and makes them look fresh and clear by. Varnish is made of gum, and is put on with a camel's hair brush.

"Jack" she cried, as she saw a head appear above the threshold. The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but it was sufficient.

She saw the robber raise a pistol. There was no time to hesitate. She could not aim. She had a husband—a child—and she had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts strong in her mind, she drew the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and the robber was a dying guest in the cellar bottom.

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A TOUCH WITH PHYSICS for our determination the following: "Is there any harm in my admiring my boy Bennie's nude friends to kiss me when they come to pay us a visit?" My brother and sister do not call on us, and I do not like to call here on. He says I must be on very intimate terms with them, and I am afraid I am. Please tell me what I must do to prevent my encouraging his intimacy. You will be kind enough to give your opinion upon the subject. I will obey it." My husband's sweet handkerchief is a thing to pay you, and himself wishes to know your opinion." Then mercy with your husband's request, which we answer cheerfully, and do not endanger your own and his happiness by such a course. Your opinion is concurrence. Energy is power. Anecdote, not a mere—love do go do?" after, for the Yankees are a race of men. The people on the other side of the water *Europe*, considering this as one nominal, less the fever and ague, and